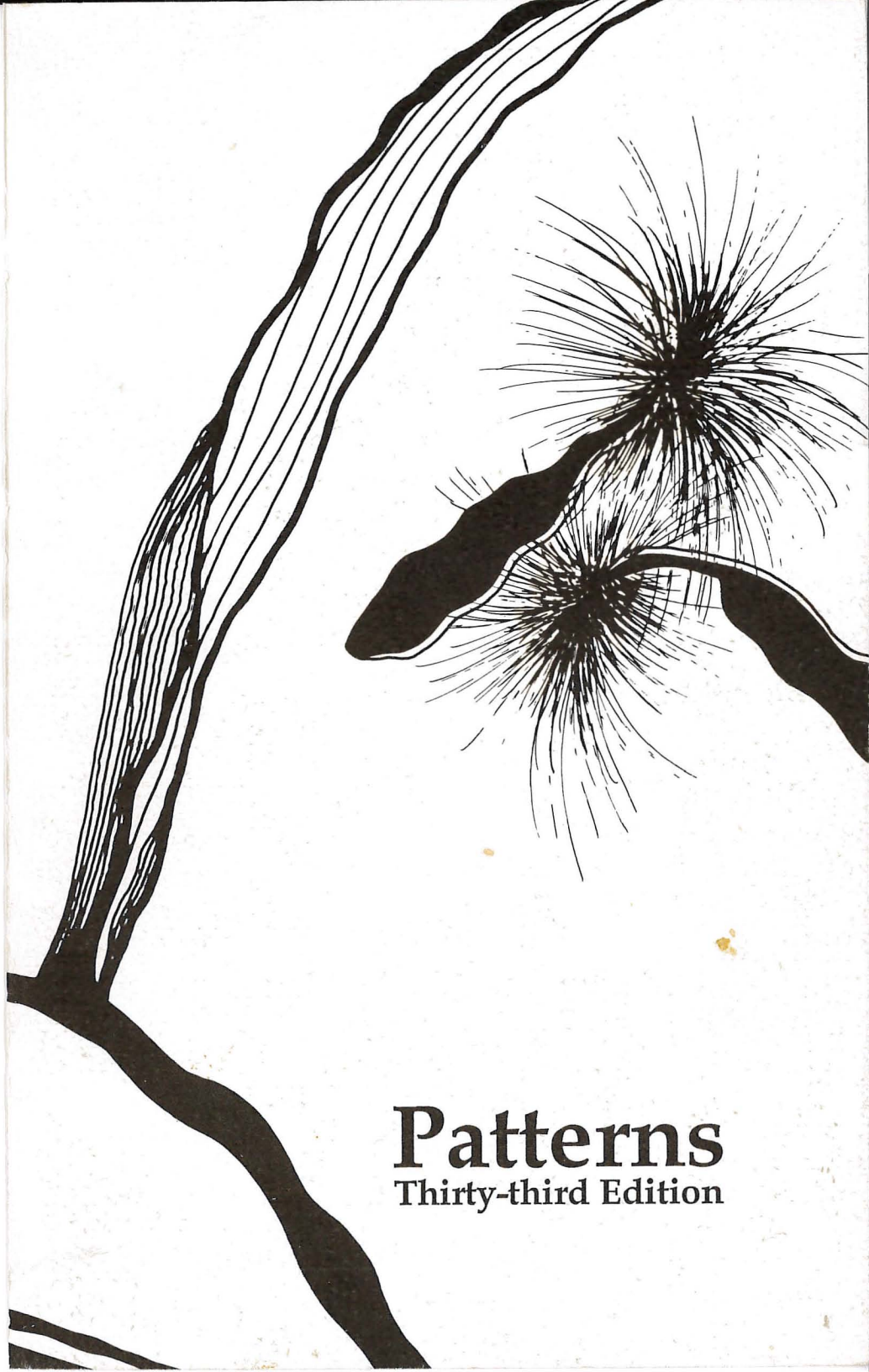




Patterns

Thirty-third Edition

COVER: "C" Series-D
Debra Dunkel

The 33rd Edition of PATTERNS

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

PREFACE

"Art hath an enemy called ignorance."

- Ben Jonson

"Artists must be sacrificed to their art. Like bees, they must put their lives into the sting they give."

- R.W. Emerson

The last years of the 20th Century find artists tilting with familiar foes. One paradoxical conflict is within the artist's own life. Given the stress of daily existence, compounded with the needs of family, friends, school, work, et al, artists still need to create, to give themselves to the page or the canvas. Often, those of us who do not understand art or the artist wander in bewilderment, far removed from artistic visions. Yet, supported by guideposts of love, understanding, and support, we manage to muddle along, offering words of encouragement to those who create.

The second conflict lies with those who side with ignorance. Rather than passively exist in that state, all too often such individuals fling the rocks and stones of their ignorance. We feel the assault in the cutting of financial support for the arts; we see the fallacies committed in attacking artistic freedom of expression, and we hear the consequences in the real anguish felt by the artists who are thus affected.

Patterns, however, is a sign of survival and hope. In its 33rd year, the literary magazine of St. Clair County Community College is a testament to the endurance of artists and their craft. Within these pages lie eloquence enough for those who feel, hear and see the beauty of Art. Let ignorance blow and life offer its trials. Art and its patrons will survive.

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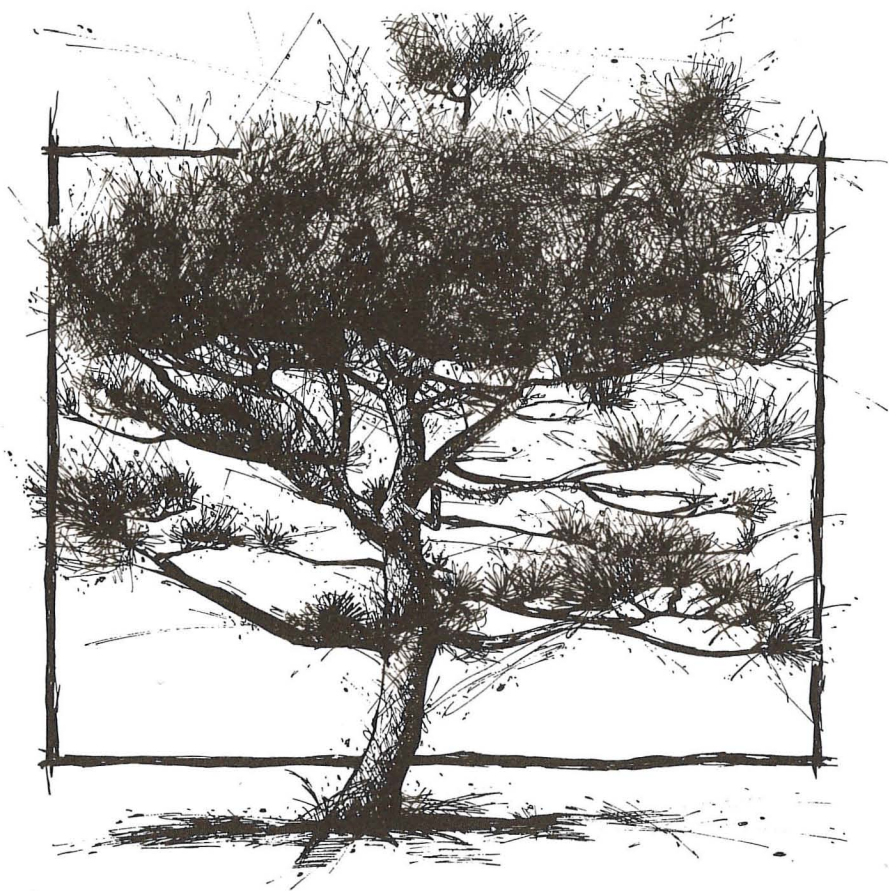
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The Tree
John Webber

James Halamka Memoriam

(March 24, 1936-February 18, 1991)

James Halamka was the senior faculty member of the biology department, having joined the staff at Port Huron Junior College in September, 1962. In recent years, Jim's teaching schedule consisted primarily of microbiology courses. Since the student population for microbiology classes at SCCCC is largely nursing oriented, Jim certainly had a substantial influence on health care in the Port Huron community. Numerous students have remarked as to how fond and appreciative they were of Mr. Halamka. He was a dedicated, compassionate, and conscientious instructor and was highly regarded by students and colleagues alike.

Besides being a biology instructor, Jim was talented and active in many other areas. Jim was athletic -- he was a fine golfer, and musically inclined, singing in the Port Huron Schubert Club as well as his church choir. Jim was also an avid gardener. He always had a big garden and he delighted in describing plants and insects by those "huge and difficult to pronounce" scientific terms! Jim was handy around the house - - from cooking to carpentry to plumbing and electrical work. Jim frequently was working on household projects (with assistance and suggestions from wife Judy). The finished product was always exceptionally well done.

As Pastor Gerald Clark reflected at Jim's funeral service, Jim was a husband, a father, a son, a brother, a colleague, and a friend. Besides wife Judy, Jim's immediate family includes three sons, Steven, Michael, and Eric, Steven's wife Suzanne, mother Colett, and brother John. One is reminded of Jim when observing his three sons. They are intelligent, talented, well-mannered, delightful young men.

Jim has been described by many friends and colleagues as a gentleman and a gentle man. Jim truly was the epitome of this characterization. He was a quiet, unassuming, soft-spoken individual who always exhibited a positive attitude. Even those who didn't know Jim well would remark that he always had a friendly smile and greeting. He was simply "a nice guy." We will surely miss Jim's presence and vision.

-- Eddie J. Brown



"C" Series-A
Debra Dunkel

Bob Sandell Memoriam

His humor was his trademark, but his commitment to the Reading and Study Skills program was Bob Sandell's lasting contribution to SCCCC. Bob started the program at the college and was able to demonstrate that many students were more capable learners after taking Reading or Study Skills classes. He received the second Del James Blessinger Award for Teaching Excellence in January, 1991. This award recognizes service to the college and community, classroom performance and knowledge, and the ability to inspire and motivate students.

Bob was very much the "realist" about the learning process. He knew that it was important for the learning style of the student and the teaching style of the instructor to complement one another. He also felt a number of factors needed to be in place for learning to occur: appropriate skills and intelligence, motivation, self-esteem and good instruction. He used his sense of humor in the classroom to have fun but also to allow students to be more at ease with themselves. His unassuming manner belied an intense commitment to the success of his students. He knew that this college needed a Reading and Study Skills Program because not all of our students are ready to learn at the time of admission.

Bob's sense of humor was very special; he was renowned among faculty and staff for sending amusing memos that didn't always adhere to the "business" agenda, but were read and enjoyed by all. His idea of a good time was to play Steve Martin records and tapes Friday afternoons in the Student Learning Center. His humor allowed other people to play as well. This made him a joy to be around whether he was teaching, working on committees or relaxing with friends.

He will be greatly missed by both staff and students.



Home & Porch
T.J. Tucker

Eleanor B. Mathews Award: Patterns

Why do we wish to be remembered, even when none remain who looked upon our face? Surely, though it must retain an element of self-consideration, it is a last acknowledgement that we need to be loved; and, having gone from all touch, we trust that memory may, as it were, keep our unseen presence within the borders of day.

—William Soutar
August 13, 1943

In keeping with the spirit of community that has been a cornerstone of our College, a tribute to the memory of a beloved colleague, friend, and poet, Eleanor Mathews, was established with the first Patterns writing award given in 1983. Over the years, Mathews recipients have reflected the talent, dedication, and diversity that Eleanor Mathews consistently inspired in her teaching. Further, their entries in Patterns have demonstrated achievement with regard to "outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style," elements which form the basis of criteria for the Mathews award, which have served as a hallmark of each issue.

Sarah Faulkner, this year's recipient, exemplifies the fine standards set by her predecessors. She was selected not only because two of her essays tied for first place, but like many previous winners she has also clearly shown dedication to writing. As a student in the Creative Writing class, Sarah was an energetic member of the workshop, giving willingly of her time, and often encouraging fellow writers outside of class. One of her works has been expanded into a full-length novel, and Sarah has been busily involved in the difficult and ambitious process of sending out a manuscript for publication. Her works, both in prose and in poetry, center on what is deep and magical in the human heart: its afflictions, its blessings.

Sarah lives in Port Huron with her husband Jim and they are active members of the Servants For Christ Church. They recently travelled to Nevada as Sarah researched the Basque culture for her book. Sarah looks forward to receiving her Associate's degree this spring, she hopes to make writing her career and to continue her travels.

The Patterns Committee is pleased to honor Sarah Faulkner as an outstanding student and writer, and wish her every success.

Three Flood Stories of the Ancient World

1st Place Tie

by Eric Halamka

There are certain legends such as the creation story that are characteristic of all civilizations. Civilizations develop their own unique legends as well. One of these legends--the flood story--is not limited to one civilization but found in several. In the book of Genesis from the Old Testament, Noah is the figure from the Hebrew flood legend. The Romans via the Greeks recount the tale of Deucalion as told by the poet Ovid in Metamorphoses. The Babylonians have their own version from the Epic of Gilgamesh in which Utnapishtim undergoes the cataclysmic event. Through these three accounts of a great flood, striking similarities and thought-provoking differences arise.

Of the three sources, Ovid's Metamorphoses best relates the descent of mankind from justice and righteousness to evil. Directly before the flood, mankind enters the Iron Age "whose base vein let loose all evil: modesty and truth and righteousness fled earth, and in their place came trickery and slyness, plotting, swindling, violence and the damned desire of having" (929; 120-4). This sets the stage for punishment by the gods. Genesis makes reference to the evil nature in mankind: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only

evil continually" (6:5). Only the flood in the Epic of Gilgamesh seems to be initiated on the whim of the gods for no apparent reason: "That city (Shurippak) was ancient, (as were) the gods within it, when their heart led the great gods to produce the flood" (100; 13-4). The reason for this inconsistency among the flood stories is that in the Epic of Gilgamesh, the flood story is told by Utnapishtim to Gilgamesh as an explanation of his immortality. The events leading up to the flood have no relevancy to the epic.

One particularly intriguing part of the Genesis story happens when God calls on Noah to build an ark. God's instructions to Noah were explicit. God warns Noah that the earth will be destroyed by a flood: "And behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die" (6:17). God also tells exactly how to construct the ark: "The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, and breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits" (6:15). Finally, God instructs what to place on the ark: "Every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female" (6:19).

Likewise, in the Epic of Gilgamesh, the omniscient god Ea instructs Utnapishtim to build a boat and stock it with animals: "Tear down (this) house, build a ship! Give up possessions, seek thou life. Despise property and keep the soul alive! Aboard the ship take thou the seed of all living things" (100-1; 2407). Ea goes one step further and assists Utnapishtim in deceiving his neighbors into a false sense of security. When Utnapishtim is away building the boat, he is to tell the other inhabitants of Shurri-pak that "upon you he will shower down abundance, the choicest birds, the rarest fishes. The Land shall have its full of harvest riches. He who at dusk orders the husk-greens, will shower down upon you a rain of wheat" (101; 44-8). If only the inhabitants knew the true extent of those showers. Both Noah and Utnapishtim have seven days in which to build the boat and collect the animals before the rains begin.

As for Ovid's story, no god forewarned Deucalion and his wife of the flood. It is almost by random selection that Deucalion survives at all: "So, when Jove saw the world was one great ocean, only one woman left of all those thousands, and only one man left of all those thousands, both innocent and worshipful, he parted the clouds..." (934; 327-31).

Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha are obviously the only humans to survive the flood according to Ovid. However, Noah not only brings his wife but his three sons and their wives as well. "And Noah went in, and his sons,

and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood" (7:7). Utnapishtim brings his family and kin and all the workers who helped build the boat: "All my family and kin I made go aboard the ship. The beasts of the field, the wild creatures of the field, all the craftsmen I made go aboard" (102; 84-6). Utnapishtim also brings all his gold and silver: "Whatever I had of silver I laded upon her (the boat); whatever I (had) of gold I laded upon her" (102; 81-2).

In similar styles Genesis and the Epic of Gilgamesh count the days of rain: forty for Noah (Gen 7:17) and six for Utnapishtim (103, 127-8). Ovid chooses to relate the flood sequence in more poetic language than with statistical information.

"The South-wind came out streaming with dripping wings, and pitch-black darkness veiling his terrible countenance. His beard is heavy with rain-cloud, and his hoary locks a torrent, mists are his chaplet, and his wings and garments run with the rain..." (933; 265-70)

"The dolphins invade the woods and brush against the oak-trees; the wolf swims with the lamb..." (933-4; 303-5)

"Wandering birds look long, in vain, for landing-place, and tumble, exhausted, into the sea" (934; 308-10).

All three stories tell where their boats eventually came to a landing. Deucalion comes to rest upon Mt. Parnassus: "There Mount Parnassus lifts its twin peaks skyward, high, steep, cloud piercing. And Deucalion

came there rowing with his wife" (934; 318-20). Noah lands on Mt. Ararat: "And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon mountains of Ararat" (8:4). Utnapishtim stops on Mt. Nisir: "On Mount Nisir the ship came to a halt" (104; 140).

Following the mooring on their respective mountains, Noah and Utnapishtim carry out uncannily similar tests to determine the state of the earth. After forty days upon Mt. Ararat, Noah releases a raven who apparently does not return: "And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth" (8:7). At the same time he releases a dove which does return: "But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth" (8:9). After another seven days he releases the dove again, and it returns, this time with an olive branch: "And the dove came in to him in the evening, and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth" (8:11). Then after waiting seven more days, he releases the dove for a third time, and it does not return: "And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove which returned not again unto him any more" (8:12). At this point Noah decides to leave the ark. Utnapishtim also waits seven days at which time he also releases a dove which returns to the boat: "When the seventh day arrived, I sent forth and

set free a dove. The dove went forth, but came back" (104; 145-7). Next, he releases a swallow which also returns: "Then I sent forth and set free a swallow. The swallow went forth, but came back" (104; 149-50). Finally, he releases a raven which does not return: "Then I sent forth and set free a raven. The raven went forth and, seeing that the waters had diminished, he eats, circles, caws, and turns not round" (104; 152-4). Utnapishtim then exits from the boat. Unless it was standard procedure in that age to test the flood waters with doves and ravens at seven day intervals, these similarities seem beyond coincidental.

Deucalion and Pyrrha immediately leave their boat and proceed to pray to the gods--an act that is common to all three stories. They arrive at the temple of Themis, the goddess of tradition, which is still caked in slime, and petition her aid. Themis offers a cryptic message which they eventually interpret to signify the tossing of rocks over their shoulders. These rocks change, or metamorphosis, into humans: "The stones the man had thrown turned into men, the stones the women threw turned into women, such being the will of God. Hence we derive the hardness that we have, and our endurance gives proof of what we have come from" (936; 412-6). Since Deucalion was not forewarned to save representatives of each animal species, the earth conveniently and spontaneously generates these creatures from the mud and heat: "So when earth, after that flood, still muddy, took the heat, felt the warm fire of

sunlight, she conceived, brought forth, after their fashion, all the creatures, some old, some strange and monstrous" (937; 430-4).

Noah and Utnapishtim both respond by offering animal sacrifices—a strange thing to do considering they had taken so much care to save those animals. While Noah's "Lord smelled a sweet savour" (8:21), Utnapishtim's "gods smelled the sweet savor" (104; 160) also.

Finally, God makes a covenant to Noah in the form of a rainbow to never again destroy the earth by flood: "And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. And God said, 'This (rainbow) is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations'" (9:11-12). Utnapishtim receives a similar promise from Ishtar, the goddess of love. Ishtar lifts a necklace of jewels which can be interpreted as a rainbow and vows to never forget the deluge: "As soon as the great goddess (Ishtar) arrived, she lifted up the great jewels which Anu had fashioned to her liking: 'Ye gods here, as surely as this lapis upon my neck I shall not forget, I shall be mindful of these days, forgetting (them) never'" (104-5; 162-5). Enlil, a

counselor/warriorgod who instigated the entire flood, is enraged to find that Utnapishtim survived because it was his intent to destroy everyone. Ea intervenes, and on Ea's behalf, Enlil grants Utnapishtim and his wife immortality: "Henceforth Utnapishtim and his wife shall be like unto us gods" (106; 194). Thus end the flood stories.

The eerie similarities of these stories may lead to certain theories. Noah and Utnapishtim must have originally been the same person with different embellishments added to fit their respective religions and cultures. It is estimated that the Epic of Gilgamesh was composed around 2000 B.C. (Mendelsohn, 47). The Norton Anthology of World Masterpieces proposes that the Old Testament was written down between the eighth and second centuries B.C. (3). It is interesting to note that the Hebrew exile to Babylon, 586-539 B.C., falls well within that space of time. It is possible that the Hebrews adopted the Babylonian story of the flood and adapted it to their own religion. Ovid's flood story, while fairly similar, seems sufficiently different from Noah and Utnapishtim to be considered a different story altogether; although the same flood could have prompted the creation of all three of these stories.

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Watering Hole
Debra Dunkel

The Makings of a Subdivision

1st Place

by Mary Reidel

It was a gray Spring day
and the path we followed was made
by the steps of a million feet.
We walked along in single file,
getting wet, not saying a word,
just gaping at the splendor
of Mother Nature's toil.
Nothing could compare
with the majesty of the rain
cleansed, revitalized landscape.
The stream moved vigorously;
crystal clear waters rushed,
danced over multicolored rocks
and cascaded regally down the falls.
The foliage glowed with color:
greens, reds, and yellows.
Droplets of water playfully,
daringly edged towards the crowns
of the leaves before dropping
gracefully to the ground.
The cool, damp air hung
in misty robes, wreathing
the grand, forbearing mountains
that guarded, overlooked
the sublime woodland.
And the rain fell softly,
gently as we walked
without speaking. The path ended
and a gasp broke our silence
as we saw a mighty,
yellow earthmoving horde sitting,
patiently awaiting for the rain to subside.

Sky Ablaze

by Joe Osentoski

I'm 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle on the gentle slope of a ridge that runs northeast to southwest. In winter, the sun barely scrapes the Alaska Range to the south and is only hinted at out my windows. My cabin is 12 by 14 feet, one room, one door, no electricity, no running water. The "comfort station" is a one-holer out back. In winter, I take a flashlight, the styrofoam seat hanging by the door, and nothing to read. One does not linger in the privy when it's 40 below zero. A furtive glance for bear and moose precedes the dash. On my returning to the cabin, my bunk never felt warmer.

After the cold clean air of the sub-arctic world, the faint aroma of woodsmoke, spruce and birch reminds me that I really should brush the stack tomorrow. Creosote, when it can be smelled, is bad news.

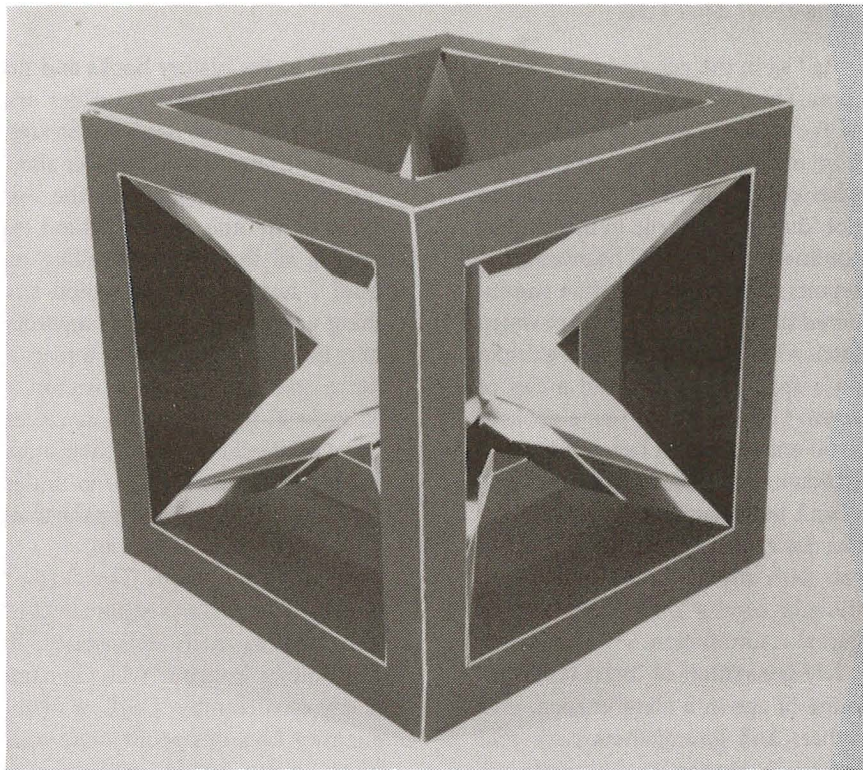
About 2:00 AM I awake. Was it the logs in the stove shifting? Loose dogs rummaging for my cooler under the porch with its cache of moose meat and Hagen-Daaz bars? Did the lemmings return to nest in the insulation held under the floor by chicken wire?

My eyes roam the woods outside and see the normal calm, the absolute silence. But there is a little different color about, and I look up through the expanse of glass. The sky is alive with Mother Nature's own picture show, the aurora borealis. Tourists come up all summer and expect to see it, but sunlight all night is what they find. The swarms of visitors, as unwelcome as the mosquitos that arrive at the same time, are all back in suburbia and urbia, regaling friends with pictures taken through tour bus windows and luxury train cars' polarized, non-glare, distortion-free panes. What's left are the real people, and it's for us that nature puts on her best.

The sky is a giant overturned bowl of movement, of color, of design. There are wavy, twisting bands of pale yellow and green, edged with rose on the bottom as if mimicking the wild roses that abound in June. There are long curtains of tiny parallel vertical lines folding back on themselves, then straightening, then changing to a new location. Swirls of white, like vanilla fudge ripple ice cream, surround individual stars in a game of tag. I get dressed to get closer to the show. It's an eerie, surrealistic, electromagnetic phenomenon. My neck gets cramped from looking up, so I lie down in the snow for a better view. Aurora is something I never grow tired of, even at 40 below. The scientists say it is impossible, but I can hear it, a sort of faint swishing sound as the rustle of watered silk I see above. There is no wind, and my own breathing is the only other sound I hear, my breath a personal ice fog, rising up to meld with the curtains of light dozens of miles above me. I dare not whistle my wonderment, lest the aurora swoop down and take me up.

Just as suddenly as it came, the aurora shifts to the east over the ridge and

disappears behind the spruce and birch trees. I'd better get back to bed. Tomorrow my time in Alaska comes to an end, and as if Mother Nature knew this, she has sent me a farewell gift of perhaps her most spectacular manifestation. I add a spruce log to the stove and snuggle in.



Square Within A Square Within a –
Jeffrey Delange

The Wonders Of War

1st Place Tie

by Linda Harmon

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My thanks to CNN for bringing the WAR IN THE GULF into my living room, to President Bush and Saddam Hussein for giving me something to watch in the first place, and to Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen for making me care and to think about what I see.

As I sit in the comfort of my living room, I hear endless news broadcasts of the war in Iraq. I am able to rise from my chair and go into my kitchen whenever the desire strikes me. I am not "dug in" in a hole in the sand or confined to a bunker. I hear censored reports of the men that have surrendered having had little food or water. From what I am told, they are existing on a spoonful of rice and a cup of water. I sit down to a home cooked meal and complain because the microwave did not cook it fast enough. I can't but imagine what it must be like for them. I have never been at war with anyone and cringe at the thought of any kind of physical or verbal confrontation.

My generation of "baby boomers" came of age in a comfort zone. Our fathers and grandfathers have told their war stories to us, while we turned our ears to their tales. Older friends, closer to our own age bracket, have kept their stories of Vietnam sheltered and silenced within themselves. I have never given much thought to the realities of war and never cared to do so. Their tales be-

longed to the history books and not to me. But now as I am older and now that the battle has been brought into my living room, I wonder about the where's and why's for the war. What is the true reason behind the war? Is all that they are telling me true? I turn on my television first thing upon rising to see if anything new has developed. I hear threats of nerve gas and chemical warfare. I struggle in my own mind to understand what our troops and theirs must be feeling. In my struggle to understand, I reach out with compassionate arms to take in all that I can.

Although the poem "The Soldier" by Rupert Brooke was written in 1915, it is timeless in its deliverance. By substituting "England" with the name of my own country, USA, or of the enemy's, Iraq, this poem is the voice of any young soldier speaking to me from any foreign land. The soldier speaks directly to anyone who would care to listen to his song.

His song could be that of our own waiting for the impending ground war in Iraq. It could be "them," waiting for us. I wonder, what are their thoughts?

How are they feeling? Could they be feeling as this young man is in their holes in the sand? Are they thinking of their country with such intensity and love? Are they thinking of how they would like to be remembered after their deaths? Does their cause seem justified?

The young soldier in the poem is willing to give everything of himself for his country. He is looking at her with reverence, awe and tenderness. He wants us to know that he feels his country has given everything to him. It has shaped him, given unto him. He has caressed her countryside, been washed by her rivers and blest by her suns. He believes that if he should die, all that he is would become part of the soil on which he died. His blood shed upon the ground would stake its claim for his country.

The young man feels his death for his country would give peace and reassurance to those in his homeland. He would die, so that others could enjoy the sights and sounds of laughter shared by friends, and the gentleness of a day of peace.

Do others in war feel the same way? Are they just as naive and innocent in their passions for heroism? Do the lives given by the military count more than the lives of the civilians? Does the fire and patriotism burn within both equally? Answers to these questions are not given in the lines of the poem. Only the innocence and the purity of the young man's thoughts shine brightly. He has not faced any perils, or at least leads me

to believe that he has not. Would his visions of a grand and heroic death shine so if he were to face the travesties of war as told by Wilfred Owen in "Dulce et Decorum Est"?

Rupert Brooke tells of a young man's fanciful dreams of glory, while Wilfred Owen tells us in great vividness, the truths of life and death on a battlefield. Owen's tale could be a continuation of the young man's song as it takes place some five years later than the telling of the first tale. The realities of war have now been thrust upon him. This young soldier has been made wiser and is beyond his twenty-seven years of age. His weariness and fatigue pull me into a battlefield I had never cared to witness. This soldier he describes is bent over and does not stand so proudly. He is knock-kneed as he turns his back to the haunting flares that will not leave him. He is hacking and cursing as he trudges through sludge to reach his distant rest. His ears are deafened to the sound of the gas-shells as they drop softly behind him. He is not thinking of glory or his country as he tries to make his way back. He thinks only of rest as he limps with his troop in bloodied boots.

In the second stanza, the word "Gas!" is barely audible until the realization of "GAS!" jolts through the exhaustion. I see the terror in the faces of the soldiers as they scramble to put on their gas masks. Through Owen's words I am allowed to witness that the effects of such an attack would be like. I am witness to horror

as I watch a soldier fall victim before me as he struggles helplessly "like a man on fire." Owen takes me by the throat and forces me to see the victim's white eyes and writhing face. He makes me hear the gargling and taste the bitterness of war as the victim is flung into a wagon.

The author tells us that if we had seen men die in such a manner, devoid of dignity, we would no longer tell our children, so intent on glory, that it is fitting and right to die for one's country.

In neither of the poems is there any mention to the reason the men are placed into the positions they are in.

They think of themselves, of others, or a homeland so far away. It is as though the reason or underlying cause for the war no longer exists in their minds, only the realities of what they see before them.

My only hope now is that we are justified to some extent to put young men and women through such horrors. I hope there is a reason greater than oil for our current crisis in the Gulf. I hope there is something the newscasters are not telling me. I find no current cause so great that I would sacrifice my only son to it, if the war should continue until he becomes of age.



Indian Modular
Christine Cohrs

The Spirit of Halloween

2nd Place Tie

by Shelby Clarke

I would like to say that it was a dark and stormy night, but it wasn't. In fact the sky was full of stars and the night was very mild. It was Friday the 30th of October. My cousin John called, and asked if I could come into New Baltimore that evening to go to the show with him. A triple feature horror flick with a double cartoon and a dumb old news reel was playing. I asked my folks and permission was granted. The drive to New Baltimore seemed to take forever. I was sure my dad was driving at least 30 miles an hour below the speed limit. (He claimed not, but you know how parents can be.) When we arrived at my cousin's house, the street lights were just coming on. We walked to the theater bathed in the warm glow of the mercury lights. Two happy kids talking ninety miles an hour and trying to walk that fast too.

"The sooner we get there, the better the seats." John proclaimed.

"Where do you like to sit?" I asked.

"Oh I don't much care, how about down front?"

"If I sit too close to the screen I'll get a headache. How about a few rows back? Not too far, but a couple anyway?"

"O.K. with me." John replied.

We arrived just as the manager was opening the doors. In we strolled, purchased our tickets, and stopped at

the refreshment counter. After we made our goody purchases and handed in our tickets, we made our way down the semi-dark aisles, chose our seats, and settled in. Within minutes the theater was packed with kids of every shape and size. Popcorn flying everywhere but in our mouths. There were so many Jube Jels airborne at one time, Pharaoh would have thought that it was the return of the locusts. The owner ventured in, but only briefly. He knew when he was well off. The lights dimmed, everyone ran for their seat, and the double cartoon started. The film broke during the news reel, but no one minded. We weren't into world affairs anyway. We were there for the blood and gore, and we weren't disappointed. After four hours of *Dracula*, *The Mummy* and *Lon Chaney Jr's Werewolf*, we were all pretty well blood and gored out.

Exiting the theater everyone was talking about the movies.

"Were you scared?"

"Naw."

"Me either."

"I thought it was pretty silly."

"Yeah, me too."

"Hey, my little brother Joey was scared."

"Was not."

"Were too."

"Not."

"Too."

Back and forth it went all the way up the aisles, through the lobby and out the door. Once outside everyone split off into their own groups; some had rides waiting.

John and I started to cross the street, when we noticed that the street lights were out. John mentioned that he wished he had a flashlight; I just wanted to get to my Aunt's bright, cheerful kitchen.

As we walked along John decided to take a short cut through an alley. This just thrilled me to no end. All I could think of was Dracula swooping down on me. I was thankful that I had worn my little gold cross. But what about a werewolf; would the cross keep him away? I knew that it wouldn't stop a mummy, but I'd seen how he dragged his one leg when he walked. I knew I could out run him.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted; John had a hold of my sweater sleeve and was pulling me into the shadow of somebody's garage.

"What the..."

"Quiet," was all John whispered.

I followed the direction of his gaze, but couldn't see anything. Then I saw movement ahead. I could just make out the shape of someone or something, bent over, moving slowly and pulling something or someone across the yard heading for the barn.

"What's he doing John?"

"I'm not sure," John answered, "He does this all the time. No one seems to know much about him. I do know that he doesn't like kids."

"Let's get out of here."

"Not yet. Let's see what he's up too."

By this time my curiosity was pretty well aroused. Besides, I still hadn't decided whether or not my cross would protect me from the Wolfman. I figured that if I did run into him, and he wasn't afraid of the cross, I had a fifty/fifty chance that he'd go after John instead of me. Keeping this in mind, I stayed.

As we watched, the old man finally got to the barn door and pulled it open, propping it with a stone or something he found on the ground. After he got himself and whatever it was he had with him in the barn, he kicked whatever was holding the barn door open, out of the way, and pulled the door shut.

"Come on Shelby, lets get a little closer."

"O.K. but be quiet."

By the time we got to the barn, there was a yellow glow seeping out the edges of the door. As we approached the window, we could hear what sounded like laughter. With an apprehensive look at one another, we crept up to the window and peered in. The laughter was coming from the old man alright, and he was emptying the contents of a large burlap bag into a hole where floor boards used to be. When he finished, he put the boards back in place and gave them a light dusting with some sand and dirt from a corner of the barn. He walked across it a couple of times; when he finished, that part of the floor looked like the rest.

When the old man headed for the

door, John and I quickly ran around the corner of the barn. From our hiding place, we watched him go back to his house.

John took my hand, "Come on," he whispered.

"Where are we going?"

"To the barn. I want to see what he hid."

"Are you nuts? What if he comes back?"

"He won't," John assured me. "It's late and he's an old man; that was a lot of work for him. I'll bet he's crawling in bed right now."

I wasn't so sure, but I didn't want to stay outside alone either. Into the barn we went. It took a few seconds for us to locate the lantern and a couple of matches. Bathed in the warm glow of the lantern, the barn wasn't so spooky. Before we could decide our next move, the old man walked in the barn. I saw my life flash before my eyes and knew that my time had come. John's eyes just about popped out of his head and his jaw dropped to the floor.

"Hey, what are you kids doing in here? Trying to burn my barn down? No sense trying to run away; there is only one door in or out, and I'm standing in front of it. Well, what you got to say for yourselves?"

"We didn't mean any harm," John stammered. "We saw you hide something under the floor boards and wondered what it was. That's all, really Mister."

"Well, maybe it's the last couple of kids that ventured into my barn when they wasn't s'posed to. Did ya ever

think of that? Maybe I'll have to teach you both a lesson."

"Please Mister," I pleaded, "let us go. We'll never bother you again; I swear."

The old man started to laugh, I really didn't see what was so funny. I knew John didn't either, because he was still a pale shade of green.

"I'm sorry kids. I prob-lee shudn't of scared you so, but you rascals had it coming."

When we realized that we weren't in any danger, curiosity once again got the best of us.

"Mister, can we see what's under the floor?"

"I guess so; you heathens won't leave me alone if I don't show you. Too much Halloween, that's what I suspect. But come over here anyway; help me lift the boards out of the way."

As we reached down to help the old man, my mind was racing. What's under the floor boards? Jewels, gold, family heirlooms? What if this is a trick. Maybe there are bones or bodies or...

The boards are moving; John is lifting them off, one by one.

"Wait," I shouted, "maybe we should forget this, I mean who cares what's under these old boards anyway? What do you say John. Let's just go home and leave this nice old man so he can get to bed. Boy, I'm tired, aren't you?"

They weren't listening to me, not the old man, not John. O.K. if you want to go through with this, I'll stay I thought, but I'm keeping my eye on

the door. I'm ready to run if I don't like what I see down there.

The last board was removed; whatever was there, was covered with burlap bags, and under those were more boards. These were quickly slid away. I held my breath; expecting the worst, I looked in the hole!

Carrots! That's what was in the hole, potatoes too! Carrots and potatoes, stored for winter!

The old man started to chuckle and John and I just looked at each other. We both realized at that moment how foolish we had been. Vampires, bones, werewolves, we both started to giggle. I helped John put everything

back in place, and we thanked the old man for not getting mad at us. We both shook hands with him and wished him a happy Halloween as we turned to leave.

"Good-night kids; go straight home now and be careful."

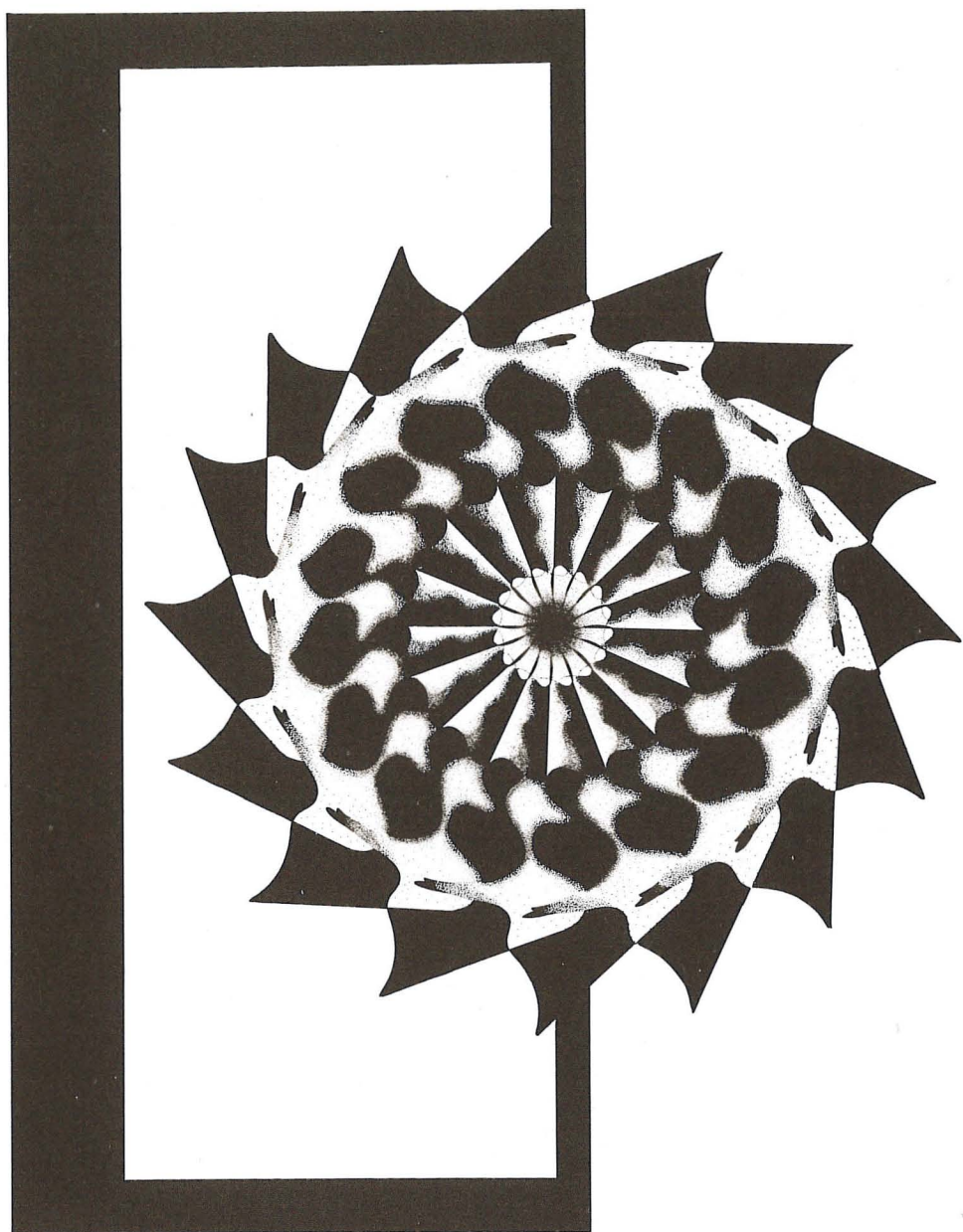
"We will," we said in unison. "Good-night to you too."

We walked along talking and laughing at how silly we had been. The street lights were still out, but there was a big beautiful moon hanging just above the tree tops. From somewhere behind us something howled and we took off running, never once looking back.

(Un)Winding

by Michelle Glenn

Two rumpled men,
Professionals in many ways,
Clutching grubby glasses,
Begging for escape.
Raucous, slurred voices,
Mocking acquaintances, friends, and Life,
Bleary eyes determinedly tracing
Patterns in the table top
Forcing boisterous laughter
To strangle bitter tears.



Fortune's Wheel
Angela Bowns

Remember When

by Teresa DeMeyer

I sat frantically on the living room floor with my ten year old son, surrounded by an assortment of scattered papers, pencils, open text books and ditto sheets. We searched out answers to questions that had no instructions. We tried to solve math problems that resembled a jigsaw puzzle, and we did dittos that made little sense. This is our evening ritual of homework, which often covers four hours a night. Am I complaining, you may be wondering? I only object to homework that consumes four hours a night and has little or no clarity. I believe it is sad to be ten and feel that there is drudgery in learning, and that school assignments contain only fear and confusion.

I remember when homework was simple, just a page of math, spelling to memorize, or an occasional book report. Of course, we had instructions. I remember when school was fun, and there was excitement in learning. The only fear we had was getting caught chewing our gum in class. With these memories in mind, I felt it was only right that I visit my son's fourth grade class.

I walked up the long cement walkway leading to a huge brick building. I pulled open two glass doors, stepped on the brown tile floor and noticed the gray painted walls. In front of me were two wooden doors opened, revealing basketball hoops

and bleachers. As I made my way down the hallway, I stumbled on the office, so I stuck my head inside to inquire about my son's room. I was so surprised to see two young girls answering phones and taking messages. What a contrast to our school secretaries, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Mason! Both had been middle-aged ladies who would answer phones and sell us pencils. With each nickel they collected from us, they would deliver a speech on just what it took to get that nickel. Lessons on life are what they passed on to us.

Again I proceeded down the hall. I noticed that each wall was decorated with a poem or a drawing pertaining to the troubles in Kuwait. My mind recalled the tiny hall of my fourth grade class and the drawings and poems my teacher proudly displayed, mostly of "Old Abe" or photosynthesis.

Finally, I reached my son's room, and I silently chuckled to myself. They have rooms numbered one to one hundred, and the building is two stories high. There are extra reading rooms, a library, a gym, a cafeteria, and a playground, and if that is not enough, they can add a portable classroom outside. I can remember when my parents complained that my elementary school might be too big to provide a "solid education". Today, I chuckle at that because my school

only consisted of a single story. We had rooms one to forty, a small gym that doubled for a cafeteria, a modest library, and a playground.

Finally, I lightly tapped on my son's classroom door. Within moments my mind was in shock! There in front of me stood a very petite lady, perhaps in her late twenties. She was dressed in a bulky sweater, khaki pants and loafers. Her hair was short, and the bulk of it was wrapped on the left side. In addition, she was wearing five different earrings. Her movements were quick, and her smile seemed soothing. However, my mind could not help but drift back to my fourth grade teacher. I still recall her thin body in front of the chalk board. Her dresses were always reassuring, and her words encouraging.

As soon as I sat in the small chair next to my son's teacher, I could not help but feel subordinate to her. However, she listened with a sympathetic ear as I laid out my concerns one by one.

She began to explain, "The amount of work is so much because there is only one of me and thirty-four of them. Many children are sent to

school because the parents need to work; that is the only interest many parents have in school. I seldom see them, not even once a year. It is sad, but it is true. Many times I go beyond my role as an educator; sometimes I am the only positive thing these youngsters see. I listen to many parents complain about us not doing our jobs. They say it is obvious- just look at the illiteracy rate in our school. They say we have computers, books and space what more would we need? But, they just pack them off."

As I left my son's classroom, I seemed to have a better understanding of my concerns, and I realized that the problems facing our youngsters are not the teachers' alone.

I stepped onto the cement walk. I could still smell the familiar scent of chalk and disinfectant, and the echoing sounds of children's laughter were still fresh in my mind. I gazed up at the beautiful building. It was so neatly planned and so well developed, yet I can remember when they were just plans on a piece of paper -- only ideals. Was such progress worth it? Was it worth our losses -- the loss of our children?

"I, Too, Have Known Rivers"

by Betty Robbins

I watched the Thames
the pride of London Town
Snake under London Bridge
and past that infamous bloody Tower,
Meandering through historic sites
like Windsor, Eton, Hampton Court
having viewed the Angles, Saxons, Jutes.

Busy ancient waterway.

In densely populated France
I saw the even winding Seine
Arrogant with culture and with pride,
as most Parisians are.
Chief river ever flowing through
Versailles and Fountainbleu,
while watering rich pastureland.

Busy ancient waterway.

And best of all, Old Father Rhine
the buffer twixt the mighty Roman tribes
Flows past the quaint old-world German towns,
Coblenz, Mainz, Bingen, Boppard.
Continually the teeming barges ply
this artery of time
while medieval turrets stand watch
on vineyarded slopes,

Busy ancient waterway.

Busy, busy, ancient waterways,
No longer wavy lines
on an old world globe.

A New Era

by Mark Haas

Little Johnny bundles up in his warm winter coat, and grabs his nap time blanket. His mother hurriedly gathers her purse and examines Johnny in her motherly way. She walks with Johnny to the green house next to theirs, where Johnny will stay while his mother makes her weekly visit to the beautician. "Hello Pumpkin," she calls.

"Hi Mrs. Klawicki," Johnny replies. Mrs. Klawicki helps Johnny to the table, and proceeds to cook lunch. Lunch is comprised of "Spaghetti-O's," and a "Jell-O pudding pack," all washed down with a cool glass of "Coca-Cola." After lunch, Johnny and Mrs. Klawicki plop before the television to watch an afternoon of cartoons. This scenario is rapidly slipping into the history books. Enter the world of structured daycare: pre-preschools - junior-junior-colleges - call them what you may; however, the new daycare era is here. The new daycare centers offer children a variety of mental, and physical activities, nutritious meals and snacks, and a safe, loving environment to learn and grow.

A major advantage of the structured daycare environment is nutritious snacks, and hot lunches. Gone are the days of "Spaghetti-O's" and "Jell-O pudding packs." Young children today can be seen eating spinach, fresh fruit, baked chicken, drinking their milk and asking for more. This is largely due to positive peer pressure. One hungry child starts to eat, and the others follow suit. If served the meal at home however, the child may absolutely refuse to comply with his parents coaxing. "I want a hot dog," or "I want pizza," may be the child's reply. Rather than "Twinkees" and a shot of orange soda, however, snacks are tasty entrees such as banana bread and fresh vegetables served with a variety of juices.

After a short adjustment period, usually three to five weeks, the child will learn that mom or dad has not deserted him and will return to pick them up. This adjustment period can be reduced if the parent builds the child's confidence in his surroundings. Spending extra time in the morning with the child at the center having make-believe coffee or letting the child give a tour of the center, will increase the child's confidence that the parent feels comfortable with leaving him there. The parent who cries and whimpers at the thought of separation must subdue those feelings when dropping the child off for the first time, or face the consequences: a child who refuses to leave his mother's side and becomes a "holy terror" when separated. This newly built self-confidence that the child possesses will soon carry over to home life as the child begins to show his increased independence.

The new child care centers offer a multitude of activities for children that the home care environment just can't compete with. Activities previously unavailable to him at home or grandma's are now routine. The child radiates with pride as he learns to cross the "jungle-gym" alone or paints a delicate picture of his family. He uncontrolla-

bly giggles while playing team games such as "Duck-duck-goose" or "ring-around-the-rosie." The positive learning environment that the child is submerged in is far greater than an afternoon spent numbing his brain watching "Mutant Turtles" destroy the universe with Mrs. Klawicki.

Through exposure to groups of children relative to his own age, he will build the important social skills that will influence him for the rest of his life. He learns to share his playthings with the other children, rather than hoarding his possessions from a sibling. He builds leadership skills by resolving conflicts between groups of children. The experience of structured daycare will also assist the child in building a positive self-image, an important factor in his transition to adulthood.

Many people, who believe that the mother should "stay at home and tend the children," classify these new daycare centers as places for incompetent parents to dump their unwanted children. They are not. This new fast-paced/high-tech world we live in has created as many problems as solutions. Many families who use these facilities are struggling to get ahead; therefore, both parents must work if they are ever to realize their goals. Many more families who use these facilities are single parent families, forced to find alternative care for their children. These facilities offer reasonably safe surroundings, nutritious meals, and structured days; moreover, the child receives exposure to other children his age. The children are not "dumped off" for another person to care for them. The child is very likely to be receiving more mental, and physical stimulation than the parent could ever hope to provide.



Cranked
Gregg McPhedrain

The Mountain God

1st Place

by Carol O'Connor

What is creation--restructuring, a shifting of possibilities, a gathering of nothing to make a something, a perfected talent? Elliott West knew it was all of these things at one time or another, or the combined whole. It was the ability to capture the essence of all beginnings, to shape the physical temple, to hold the vial of the soul.

He was a plastic surgeon. A mere mortal that had been transposed to the heights of a latter-day demigod. A member of a society made up of a select few that had started as novices and were handed the mysteries as induction into a body of exclusive knowledge.

All these thoughts sparked within his mind in a subconscious ridge not needing to be confirmed. This was the surreal reality he chose to live in. This belief was like a glow of the heavens as he began his work high in the Andes. Ecuador was a country filled with superstitious people where he could play the god, flaunt false supernatural powers, and bury reality under the sutures within the mortal flesh.

This is how his brain hummed as he lightly pulled the scalpel vertically down the front of the ear making a shallow incision; the muscle beneath gleamed. He asked for the forceps, and along with the scalpel, he gently

separated the dark facial skin from the underlying tissue. He became a piece of the sterile equipment: cold, hard, devoid of human emotion. It was like an out of body experience as he watched himself change and reshape this man. No normal human being could do this.

"Quidado, careful," pleaded the quiet voice of Marcos, the Ecuadorian surgeon assisting him.

Elliott's gray-blue eyes glared over his mask at the warning. "No preoccupe, don't worry," he said in irritation. He knew too well that if they made any small mistake, death for both of them was certain.

Valdez, the man on the operating table, didn't like being drugged and put at the mercy of this American doctor, but this was his only chance to escape. His political death came quickly as the new junta took power. His dealings in drugs and murders had raised a just rage that could only be appeased by his death. "You will make me handsome, eh Doctor?"

Elliott smiled under his mask, "Some miracles are harder than others," he quipped, very pleased with his own virtuosity as he tied the gnat-sized knots. This challenge had been too sweet to pass up. This attempt at perfection was his moving force--nothing else quite did that for him any more.

Many times after operating he would return to the surgical arena and linger there in a meditative stance in the hushed silence. The feeling was one of a chapel visit with the operating table like a talismanic altar ready to accept the offering. His profession gave the impression of a religion with its rituals and secret ceremonies. This chamber was a hallowed place where all knew that when a surgeon entered, he made the rules, the commandments. He played the savior.

"Show me your teeth," said Elliott in his gringo accent. Valdez grimaced. The facial nerves had to be checked. If there was too much pressure on the nerves the damage would be appalling, but Elliott again smiled to himself knowing he had the power to do that type of damage if he wished.

He had brought classical music and it was now washing the room in a background that helped his well-practiced hands play out the miracle. Occasionally a bleeder was cauterized and the room was filled with the odor of burning blood, reminiscent of a sacrifice. He inserted the staples and finished off the incision using minute needles and nylon thread. The flat plastic drain trailed out of the wound down the back of the neck. He moved to the other side of the face. The scalpel followed the line left by the surgical marking pen.

It thrilled him to know that in this foreign land of abrupt disasters, he must now shift the geographic structure of this man's face like the floods and earthquakes had done for centu-

ries in Ecuador....changed by an act of God.

Elliott wished he could share this transcendental experience with his associates in California. He enjoyed fathering with that group of men almost daily after surgery in the physicians' lounge. Still dressed in their operating blues, he would most likely say, "I am truly a divine power." They would laugh because most of them felt the same way about themselves, all being specialists in their fields. Yet, Elliott was the one who looked like a god with his golden hair and thick, sturdy body. "He's our oversoul," Elliott's friend Bob Farrell had said time and again, "but the problem is, he acts the part too well."

Elliott was a university surgeon and was expected to do research, to dabble in the experimental. At present, he was involved in the prospect of transplanting a hand from a brain-dead accident victim to a patient who had lost a hand by accident or disease. In time, he would do just that. No doubt existed.

The surgery had started at 11 p.m. and would probably not be finished until dawn. The surgical team continued, huddled in a field of blue, performing the subtle magic with the feeling of control permeating the operating room.

The hours passed quickly. There in the windowless chamber they couldn't see the beginning of the day as the sunlight crept over the horizon and joined the clear, crisp air of the Ecuadorian sky. Within that cloistered calm the rays outlined the magnifi-

cent Chimborazo protruding from the volcanic highlands, like a mammoth loon left by the Incas. The morning fog was suspended in halo-arcs surrounding the mountain's snow covered peak. A lone compesino was crossing a high pass playing his keno. The ethereal, melancholy tune that floated from the wooden flute accompanied the passage of the ancient sun as it rolled down into the valley. This was a land that could be both beautiful and brutal, exactly like the work of Elliott West.

The operation was at its end. Even though the face of Valdez was slightly swollen from the trauma of the surgery, Elliott was pleased with the results. The plastic insert in the chin, along with the other changes, gave Valdez's features a more chiseled look. A decade had been shaved off his age and the impression was strong.

"We're done," said Elliott.

Valdez, still groggy, asked, "Is it a good job?"

"Perfect. It's as though you had just been created and dropped onto the earth. If you keep the beard off and lose ten pounds, you could run for re-election."

Valdez moaned, "How do they say in English? Cocky? You are one cocky man, just like me."

Valdez was bandaged and moved from the old hospital to a waiting car, along with Elliott West and the two body guards. As they sped along the Pan-American highway, Elliott was reminded of how he had become enamored with this country twenty

years ago. He was invited in his third year of medical school to study on the Ship Hope, a traveling hospital that served third world countries.

The surgeons aboard the vessel gathered him into their clan. The head surgeon commented, while working over a child with a cleft palate, "West, correcting God's mistakes is the ultimate high; it puts you on His level. That would scare most people silly, but I get the feeling you've rarely backed off from anything in life."

Elliott knew that every surgeon tried to turn him into one of his own kind. He wondered if the comment was baiting him, but at the same time he knew the image of strength and power was one he wanted.

After a month of grueling work in surgery, the staff took off to different parts of Ecuador to reconnect with the world, to recall its beauty.

It was high in the sierras in a small pension in Riobamba that Elliott met the American hunter, Austin. This man with his tight, trim body and walrus moustache was in search of a jaguar for a zoo in the states. They talked over a few cervezas, exchanging stories and past experiences, and at evening's end Elliott asked if he could join in the adventure.

"Can you pull your own?" asked Austin, his breath heavy with the yeasty smell of the beer.

"I always have," assured Elliott.

Austin's black eyes canvassed the young doctor's face and a sharp laugh sprang from his lips. "Then we're in this together," he shot back.

They had been out in La Oriente, the jungle, for five days and had finally tracked the cat to a low lying area. They agreed to split up to increase their chances of success, each taking with them half of the eight Indians. The plan was to meet back at base camp after two days, with or without the cat.

Elliott was good with a gun but he wasn't used to the thick terrain. He hadn't been out on his own an hour before he fell and shot himself in the foot with the tranquilizer cartridge. He slipped quickly into a drug-induced sleep. The Indians, fearing bad spirits, refused to touch him; yet they remained with Elliott, watching from a distance, until Austin returned. After checking his friend and finding him close to death, Austin threatened the Indians. The curse that came spitting from his mouth was enough to get the Indians moving and together they carried Elliott to the jeep.

On arriving at the hospital in Riobamba, a doctor ordered an IV to be hung continuously to flush out his system. At the end of the seventh day, and forty pounds lighter, Elliott opened his eyes to see Austin standing over him.

"God, you're a hell of a shot West."

Elliott's tongue was thick and dry, "Jesus Austin, you better have gotten that cat."

He came out of that experience feeling he had been handed back life, and with the resurrection came the revelation of his purpose in life: to use the scalpel to create. The plan lay before him, unquestioned.

Elliott could still smell the damp earth of the Ecuadorian jungle as they pulled into the narrow road leading to the hacienda. The approach to the giant adobe house was magnificent. The sun was shining full on the tiled roof as they helped Valdez from the car.

The next day Elliott removed the drains and Valdez seemed quite comfortable on mild medication. Elliott then prepared for his flight back to the states, a lot richer and with the old feeling of omnipotence swelling within him. He wasn't looking forward to reconnecting with his wife, Phyllis. She questioned him about another goodwill mission in Ecuador.

"There's plenty of good surgeons down there Elliott."

"None quite like me," he insisted.

She knew the attraction had to be more than the surgery, but she let it go. What he needed was a good lesson in fallibility, but when that hard lesson could only be learned at the expense of some trusting patient, she didn't nurse the vengeful thought.

He went out to the back courtyard for one last look at this mystical land. The smoke trailed from the small adobe huts in the fertile basin below. The llamas were grazing on the lush vegetation. It was as though he had never sensed the color green before with the patchwork fields filling the floor and walls of the valley. Chimborazo stood before him: immortal, without flaw, all powerful. He felt akin to this mighty mountain.

Its strength demanded the attention of all around it.

He thought over the past day and marveled at his talent to change a man into another human being. The perfection of his work was never a surprise. Tentative steps approached

from behind. He turned to see the man he had created, and as he looked into the eyes of his creation, the sudden shock of the one flaw hit him as the shot rang out and echoed off the unchanging face of Chimborazo.



End of the Path
Eric Peterson



A Breath of Nature
Allison Samoray

An Explication of a Poem by Rilke

1st Place Tie

by Jennifer Irwin

THIS IS THE CREATURE

*This is the creature there has never been.
They never knew it, and yet, none the less,
they loved the way it moved, its suppleness,
its neck, its very gaze, mild and serene.*

*Not there, because they loved it, it behaved
as though it were. They always left some space.
And in that clear unpeopled space they saved
it lightly reared its head, with scarce a trace*

*of not being there. They fed it, not with corn,
but only with the possibility
of being. And that was able to confer*

*such strength, its brow put forth a horn. One horn.
Whitely it stole up to a maid--to be
within the silver mirror and in her.*

-Rainer Maria Rilke

All people at one time or another dream of magical things, at least all people who truly live. The pure beauty and mystery of the unicorn especially has caught the attention of artists. It is the epitome of purity and beauty, even love. Yet it is not tame or domestic--far from it; it is a fierce wild beast, so shy of man as to be near impossible to sight. It calls to the best in every Man's soul and expresses the quintessence of the unattainable yet worthy goal. The picture of the timid, noble unicorn seems engraved on the collective heart of Man.

Rainer Maria Rilke describes this fantastic creature with magnificent imagery in "This is the Creature." The soft words are gentle and the pictures drawn with them beautiful. The flowing prose-seeming style smoothly rolls from the tongue. The combined diction, imagery and nearly hidden rhyme scheme make this an excellent specimen of poetry.

Rilke chooses such words as "suppleness," "Mild and serene," and "lightly" to describe the unicorn. All these words have a connotation of weightlessness and intangibility about them. Yet "suppleness" is at the same time a very real feeling word, bringing images of skin moving smoothly over muscle.

Most of the chosen words have soft sounds. "There" is used, despite the incorrect grammar, rather than the harsher, and more correct "that." Instead of saying "its very

look," Rilke chooses "gaze," a word with a much softer, gentler sound. There are many other such examples: "mild" rather than "calm," "reared" rather than "lifted," "scarce" rather than "hardly."

The imagery was also chosen with infinite care to express the self of the unicorn. In a "...clear unpeopled space..." it has its beginning. "...(!)t lightly reared its head..." not only sounds soft but gives life and motion to this unreal creature. The creature could not just come to be on its own but "Whitely it stole up to a maid--to *be*."

The picture of the unicorn is drawn in soft lines--few and simple--leaving the rest to the reader's heart. The restrained imagery leaves the rest of the drawing to the reader--thus making the picture more perfect and personalized.

Upon first reading the poem, it is easy to overlook the muted rhyme scheme. The syntax leads one to read it almost as prose, and only on closer scrutiny is the elusive pattern (abba cdcd efg efg) obvious. Yet it is this hidden tie which binds the verse into a whole. Even when one does not consciously realize the rhyme, it ties the lines smoothly in the mind.

The restraint and gentleness used throughout the poem reflect those same qualities upon the creature being described. Had the poem been bouncy and dancing, the unicorn would be made to seem so also. But Rilke describes the unicorn carefully in softness, for a creature of such elusiveness must be described elusively. The intangibility of the description leads one to see the ethereal quality of the vision it draws.

Yet there is a deeper message than the description of a mythical beast. It is best felt in the lines "They fed it, not with corn,/ but only with the possibility of being. And that was able to confer/ such strength, its brow put forth a horn." Rilke wants it to be known that the very wanting and hoping for something beautiful can make it so. The limits of knowledge and science do not apply in things of the soul and the heart. The unicorn, then, is the symbol of these long-loved dreams we hold dearest--and that often are discarded as impossible. The author is urging that these dreams not be left behind, for in doing so we ensure their death, but if we hold them dear, they may yet be realized.

Cloak of Night

by Jason Lewandowski

The outstretched talons of night
Reach out to me.
They beckon to me
And lure me into its velvety safety.
The leathery wings of darkness
Enfold and shield me.
I cannot escape its grasp,
Yet I am pleasantly content.

It is only here that
I can be all that I am.
I am invulnerable
And strong.
My mind is focused
And I am at peace with my soul.
This is my time
And my domain.

Here I can fly,
Glide on the tails of comets.
I am beyond the stars
And under the soil.

I move in the trees
And drift with the shadows.
I drink in the crisp air
Like a thick cool wine
While my body breathes energy
Out of the blackness that surrounds me.

The pitch of night
Is mysterious and unknown
Yet this is my realm
So I have no fear
When the veil of night
Passes over the land.
The moon is my father
And when it is only his image
Imprinted in the sky I view,
When the pale and ghostly light
From his soul shines upon me
And the fog creeps along the ground
Like foreboding fingers of doom
I begin to know
Life.



"Equus"
Deanne Kusiak

The Victim

2nd Place Tie

by Michelle Glenn

Sobbing, she stumbled up the stairs to the apartment. "Chuck? Chuck, are you home?"

"Lynn, what's wrong?" His anxious eyes darted from the disheveled hair to the torn, filthy dress and the shredded pantyhose. "Are you o.k.?" He noticed that she was holding a purple pump ("magenta," she'd explained as they had turned the mall upside down in search of the perfect shade) in one bruised hand. Her ragged purse dangled from the other.

As his numbed brain struggled to gain power over his feet, he watched her, seemingly in slow motion, crumple into a wailing pile on the hall floor. "Just hold me." She reached for him, and he knelt beside her, stroking the mussed hair back into place, until the heart-wrenched sobs quieted to choking hiccoughs.

"It was so awful," she finally whispered. His body involuntarily tensed as she continued. "I got out of work late, and was running for the subway when I remembered that you needed your dry-cleaning. I was in such a rush to get home in time to start dinner that I decided to cut down the back alley - the one behind that little Chinese take-out with the moo goo gaipen... ." He nodded dumbly, and she continued. "Anyway, I decided to go through the alley instead of walking around the whole block, and..."

Her voice broke as sobs again overtook her trembling body.

"Shh," he soothed, patting her back gently. "Take a deep breath."

Obviously summoning nerve, she forced the words out quickly. "I heard footsteps behind me. I didn't turn around, I just started running. The footsteps got closer and closer. He tried to grab my purse, but I held on. He knocked me down, and..." She struggled to control her rising voice.

"Tell me," he commanded in the steely principal's voice which was so effective in forcing students' confessions. It worked on her as well.

"He pulled my skirt up," she whimpered quietly. "My shoe had fallen off when he knocked me down, and I hit him in the head with it, but he wouldn't stop. I screamed, but he wouldn't stop. I spit in his face, but he wouldn't stop - he wouldn't stop!"

She was hysterical again, but he made no move to comfort her. With obvious effort, she pulled herself together. "When he was... finished ... he told me not to move for fifteen minutes or he would find me and kill me next time. He was really nervous; he even forgot to take my purse. I waited for about five minutes, then I gathered my things and hailed a cab." A lopsided smile briefly crossed her lips. "I'm sorry, I forgot your dry-cleaning."

Mouth set in a grim line, he marched deliberately toward the phone.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm calling the police." His fingers began punching buttons.

"NO!"

He paused, hung up the phone. "You have to tell the police. Did you get a good look at him? Could you identify him from those books of criminals... ." His rising voice cracked and stopped as he noticed her ashen face.

"Please. I'm afraid," she whispered hoarsely. Shivering, she continued, "I just want to take a hot bath and try to forget about the whole thing."

"But that," he paused, his mild-mannered brain searching for vile-enough words, "that sub-human sleaze should pay for what he's done to you!" He was mildly surprised that his characteristic level-headedness could turn so quickly to a longing for blood-penance when reminded of the terrible violation.

"Please?" she begged.

"Will you at least think about it? Can I take you to the hospital? We have to do something!" He was reaching hysteria now, himself.

Rising unsteadily, she replied, "I just want a bath. I'm not really hurt; I'll be fine. I don't really feel like making dinner, though." Her voice grew faint as she disappeared down the hall toward the bathroom. "Can you send out for Chinese?" she called above the sound of running water.

Returning to the phone, he hesitated, then hurriedly dialed the familiar

number. "Cynthia, it's Chuck. Uh, there's been an emergency. Lynn's been ... raped ... No, she doesn't seem to be injured, but I think she's still in shock. I can't even get her to file a complaint. Anyway, I'm not going to be able to come see you and the kids this weekend... I know they'll be disappointed, but they'll have to understand. Tell them that their step-mom's sick; there's no reason to scare them... I know; tell Brittany to put the brownies in the freezer. I'll try to get there as soon as I can." He paused as the sound of running water trickled to a halt. "Look, I have to go now," he whispered. "I'll call you from the office as soon as I can set up a new time. Give my love to the kids... Yes, I'll tell her, thanks. Bye." He quietly replaced the receiver.

"Did you order soup, too?" she called.

"Oh, uh, I forgot. I'll call back," he stammered.

He was spooning Chinese take-out onto the Royal Daulton when she finally emerged, tightly tying her satin robe over the flimsy nightgown he had given her for Christmas.

"Oh, good. It's here. I'm starved."

"Feeling better?" he asked.

She burst into tears, then abruptly stopped. "I'm sorry. Yes, at least I'm finally feeling a little warmer. My hand hurts, though. I think he stepped on it when he pushed me down."

"Poor baby," he kissed the trembling knuckles. "I've decided to stay here with you this weekend."

She smiled weakly. "Thank you. I'll

feel so much safer with you here." She slid closer to him on the couch. "I think it's going to be a long time before I'll feel safe being by myself."

"Just try to relax, honey. I'm right here." He gently guided the re-styled head onto his lap and covered the still-shivering body with the afghan. He softly stroked the furrowed forehead until the tension disappeared, and she drifted into a deep, exhausted sleep.

"It's okay. I'm just going to put you to bed," he whispered as he bent to lift the now-peaceful frame.

"There. Can I get you another blanket or something?" he asked, but she had already rolled onto her side and was snoring lightly.

Wearily, he climbed into bed beside her. "I wish so much that I could help you," he whispered softly. "I'd do anything to make this go away. I shouldn't have asked you to pick up my dry-cleaning, anyway. I could have gotten it tomorrow. I'm so sorry." He was unable to check the flow of tears as his self-imposed guilty grief became too much to bear. He cursed the passers-by who were too hurried to answer her screams; he cursed the twisted mind of a man who had forever altered their wonderful marriage; he cursed fate for leading her into the alley; but most of all, he cursed himself for failing to protect her from such horrible pain. Finally unable to keep up with the self-recriminations chasing each other through his whirling brain, he, too, fell into exhausted sleep.

As his ragged breath evened and

his grunting snore fell into its familiar rhythm, she lightly touched his shoulder. "Chuck, are you awake?" she asked quietly and waited.

Receiving no response, she carefully lifted the comforter and slowly inched her way to the edge of the bed. Noiselessly, she slid to the floor and froze. His snoring remained unchanged. Rising, she tiptoed down the hall and felt her way to the phone.

Squinting, she quickly dialed. "Sharon, it's me. I'm sorry it's so late, but I had to wait for Chuck to fall asleep. He feels so awful! Not as awful as I feel, though. Do you believe that I was actually stupid enough to wear my new magenta pumps? It took me months to find that exact shade, and I had to leave one in that filthy alley... Oh well, it was worth it, anyway. 'Saintly Cynthia' (even after five years, she still sneered at the name) won't be getting her sweet pink claws into my husband for quite some time. I can't believe that Chuck falls for that sappy act of hers. She's always encouraging him to 'bond' with them as a family, supposedly for the 'sake of the children.' It's as if she's forgotten that they're divorced. Worse yet, sometimes I'm not sure that he remembers, either. It's enough to make me ill! Or raped," she giggled. "Well, I'd better get back in there before Chuck notices I'm gone. I just wanted to let you know that everything went as planned. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Still smiling, she crept back into the loving arms of her still-sleeping hus-

band. But as she blissfully settled into the warm cocoon of near-sleep, the nagging thought shot through her body with the pain of a lightening bolt. Her first genuine tears of the

evening soaked the satin pillow cover as the taunting voice in her brain renewed its warning. "You're safe for now, but what will you have to do next time?"



Through a glass darkly
Michelle Maximuik

The Messengers

by Rosalind Bonacorsi

Many people form a mental picture of an insignificant character when they read the words 'Enter a messenger.' In their opinion this is an actor who enters by running onto the stage, spurring out his lines in a careless manner as evidence that he is out of breath. They believe that the only purpose for the messenger's appearance is to give the other actors on the stage a reason to do or say something. For example, many people picture the messenger being punished as he delivers his news. In addition, they see the other characters ignoring the messengers. Whatever the case may be, most people believe that once he has left the stage they can forget all about him.

However, for Shakespeare the words 'Enter a Messenger' mean more than that. Indeed, he does use this phrase whenever he needs someone to enter a scene with news, and he does not have a better way to describe that person. Shakespeare's cleverness is demonstrated by the different ways in which he uses these messengers to transport information. Of course, their main duty is to deliver knowledge to the people on the stage. However, sometimes they bring their news to the audience as well. Several of his characters that are labeled as messengers actually become individuals in their own right. Shakespeare's skill is proved as he

makes use of messengers to make a scene humorous. Likewise, he often employs these characters to move the action along in certain plays. Indeed, many of these characters command more attention than most people are willing to give them.

One of the unique characteristics about Shakespeare is that he supplies several of his messengers with names. By giving them an identity Shakespeare has made their small parts more important. It is possible that when a character has a name the audience will remember him. More specifically, if Shakespeare thought enough of these characters to give them names, maybe they should be important to other people as well.

In addition, Shakespeare also provides some of the messengers with important parts. Many of their messages are used to show humor. The conversation between Hamlet and the courtier Osric is used for two purposes. First, Osric is passing on the king's request that Hamlet shall fence with Laertes. In addition, their lines also reveal that they are teasing each other. Therefore, Shakespeare is amusing the audience with the character Osric, but he is also preparing them for the following scene. However, the messengers often reveal the personalities of the other characters on the stage. There are times when the messengers endure an emotional tirade from the

other actors. Cleopatra's attack of a messenger paints a portrayal of her temper. This physical assault may entertain the audience, but it also gives some insight into her character.

Frequently, the messengers are used to move the action along in a play. Although they may not play a part in the action, it is their messages that help to build the tension in many of the plays. They often give insight into characters and situations.

Both named and unnamed messengers bring news to Richard III while he is preparing to go into battle. Indeed, the constant arrivals of messengers in this scene help to give it a sense of urgency. The tension builds in this scene because of the varying news which he receives. Since most of the news that is brought to him is undesirable, these messengers help to show that he is becoming troubled as he starts issuing out orders that are inconsistent.

The two plays about King Henry IV are good examples of how Shakespeare profits from using the messengers to guide action in his plays. The first play ends with the battle of Shrewsbury. In the opening of the second part the messenger Rumor explains what happened in the first play. Indeed, messengers continue to arrive, and give the other characters their knowledge of the battle. These messengers are useful to move this part of the play along into more action.

There are numerous messengers in Antony and Cleopatra. Sometimes they are unimportant and are simply

brushed aside. Since this play takes place in different areas, it depends greatly on the reports of the messengers. A good portion of the action in this play develops because of the messengers. It is obvious how important the messengers are when Octavius Caesar is introduced in this play because he is reading a letter that has arrived by a messenger. Like Octavius all of the characters keep themselves informed of new developments with the help of the messengers. Mardian is seen throughout this play, but his value to the play is that he brought Antony the false news of Cleopatra's death. There are numerous messengers in this play, and they are a good example of how versatile Shakespeare was at conveying information. Without the messengers in this play, it would have been hard for Shakespeare to keep the action moving along.

Indeed, Shakespeare has a variety of reasons for having a messenger enter a scene. These messengers are not all the same. They are small but individual parts that lend to the plays some originality. Therefore, people should pay more attention to the messengers so that they will be able to understand the action that occurs in the plays.



Dragon's Destiny
Matt Mahlberg

Mark Antony: One Tragic Roman

1st Place Tie

by Jo Ann Clute

Mark Antony is, to me, one of Shakespeare's more intriguing characters. Aside from the fact that he is the one major character to appear in both of Shakespeare's famous Roman plays, Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra, it seems very difficult to decide exactly what sort of a person he was. Brutus was a truly noble and idealistic Roman citizen; Cassius a morose schemer; Octavius an ambitious soldier...but Antony? Some called him noble; others frivolous. Cassius despised him; Cleopatra adored him. Julius Caesar trusted him; Octavius Caesar made war with him. Who, then, was Antony?

The literal answer to the question would run something like this: Mark Antony (or Marcus Antonius, to use the more formal name) was a historical figure. He was a Roman who lived shortly before the coming of Christ; who was a friend of Julius Caesar, presumably of noble birth; who, after the death of Caesar, formed one part of the Triumvirate which took over the rule of Rome; who was, with Caesar's nephew Octavius, primarily responsible for the death of Marcus Brutus and Caius Cassius, the leaders of the conspiracy to kill Julius Caesar; who later had the misfortune to fall in love with Cleopatra, queen of Egypt and former lover of his late friend; and who, having married and proved

unfaithful to Octavius' sister, made rather a shocking mess of his life (not to mention Cleopatra's), eventually committing suicide. This brief summary, however, can in no way begin to do justice to the character.

The first outstanding characteristic we observe in Antony is his affinity for his ruler, Julius Caesar. G. Wilson Knight in his book The Imperial Theme notes, "He loves Caesar. That is, he sees him as man and hero and does not, like Brutus, distinguish between the two." (66) This is evident right from the start of Caesar; indeed, Antony's second line in the play is, "I shall remember;/When Caesar says, 'Do this, 'it is perform'd.'" And certainly his magnificent "Friends, Romans, countrymen" oration seems to bespeak his great love (and grief) for Caesar; one citizen notes, "Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping."

On the other hand...Great as Antony's bereavement would appear, there are certain other factors to consider. Quite obviously, his sorrow was not great enough to rob him of his self-control -- or his ability to manipulate others. Brutus' sole reason for his actions against Caesar was, it seems, that he feared the latter's ambition; but he might have done better to turn that fear toward Antony, who, having incited the masses to rise against the conspirators and paid his respect to

Caesar, wasted no time in taking his place. As Harvey Granville-Barker puts it, "He is a born opportunist..." (21) The true depth of Antony's grief for his friend also comes into question later, when, in Antony and Cleopatra, Agrippa reminds Enobarbus, "When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,/He cried almost to roaring..." and Enobarbus makes the ironic reply, "That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum..."

"There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony," according to one of his admirers, and Brutus seems to have held him in high regard (at least until after Caesar's death), as evidenced by his words to Antony's servant: "Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,/I never thought him worse." Certain other characters would be inclined to disagree, however. Cassius, for example, says of Antony, "I think it is not meet,/Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,/Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him/ A shrewd contriver..." His suspicions, of course, proved correct. Antony could be devilishly underhanded when he set his mind to it!

Antony's associates, at least in the days of Antony and Cleopatra, were of divided opinion concerning his strength of character. Lepidus (the "silent partner" of the triumvirate, who, it seems, added up to slightly less than zero in any event) looked upon Antony's faults (namely, his enthusiastic pursuit of wine, women and song when there were more important matters to attend to) "...as the spots of heaven,/More fiery by

night's blackness, hereditary,/Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,/Than what he chooses." Octavius' view was harsher: "...he fishes, drinks, and wastes /The lamps of night in revel;...You shall find there/A man who is th' abstract of all faults/That all men follow." His friend Demetrius was even less generous, noting as he watched Antony and Cleopatra approach, "Take but good note, and you shall see in him/The triple pillar of the world transform'd/Into a strumpet's fool."

And as for Cleopatra? She described her Antony as "the greatest soldier of the world," a "Herculean Roman," "the demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm/And burgonet of men." Though, as Knight points out, "The lovers are old, their passion often called 'lust'," (263) her devotion to him is evident (even to Enobarbus, who, though he deplores some of the effects she has on Antony, nonetheless tells his friend, "...her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love..." Antony's love for her was equally obvious; indeed it was this devotion that brought about his downfall, both because it caused the final split between himself and Octavius and because it led him to implement some very poor military strategy in the ensuing conflicts, including a naval battle during which her forces retreated and he was compelled to follow: "Egypt, thou knew'st too well/My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings...O'er my spirit/Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that/Thy beck might from the bidding

of the gods/Command me." No truer testament to his love can be offered than the fact that, though she was at least three times over the cause of his death, as his life drained away he asked her for a final kiss.

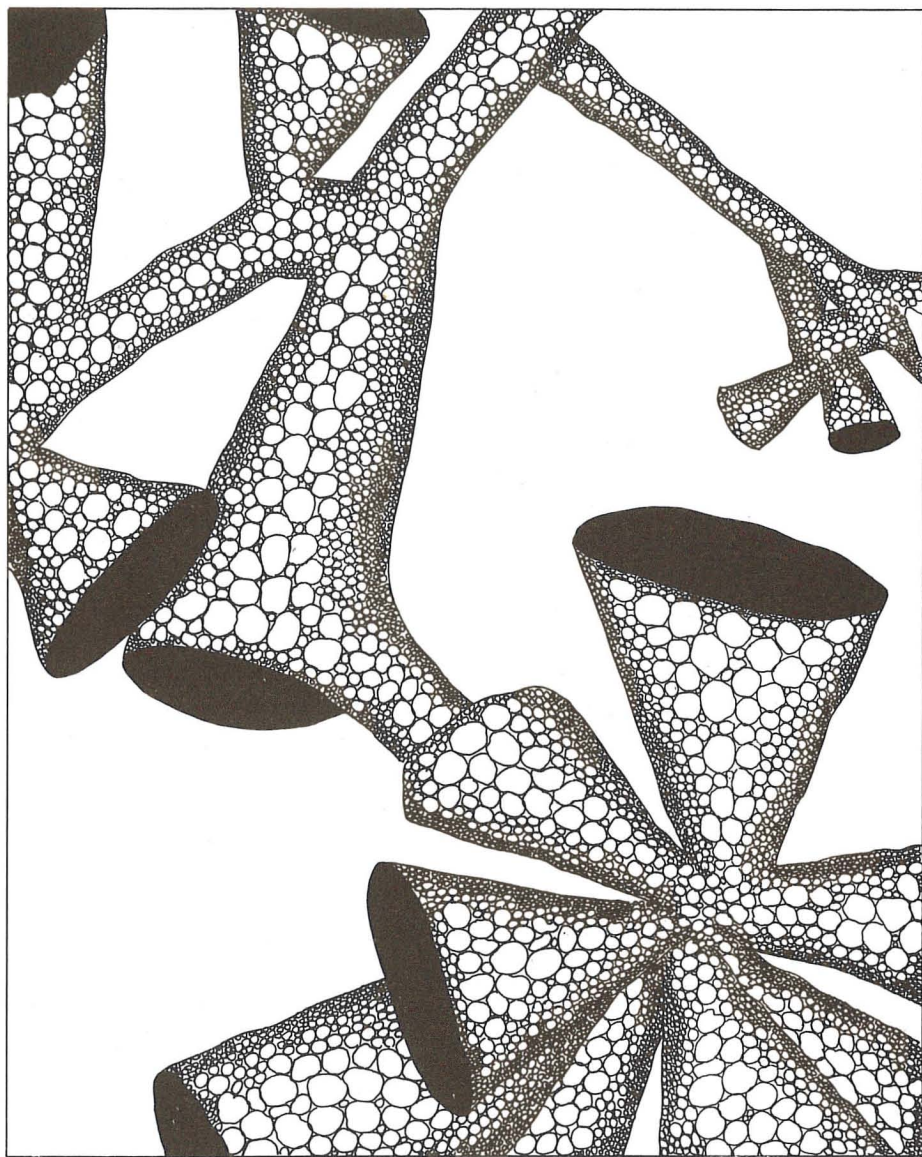
The Antony who had roused the citizens of Rome against those who had destroyed their beloved Caesar was very different from the tired Antony who, fatally wounded by his own hand, finally died in the arms of his Queen, "...A Roman by a Roman/Valiantly vanquish'd," as he put it. One cannot help but wonder whether it would have been better for that fiery young Antony to die with his friend Caesar, as Cassius had suggested; though it would have been cruel to us, who have so enjoyed the story of his later misadventures, it might have been far kinder to him -- to die quickly, unsullied by the dishonor that so troubled him in the end. And yet, at the end, he seemed content enough. "The miserable change now at my end/Lament

nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts/In feeding them with those my former fortunes/Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' th' world,/The noblest; and do not now basely die," he told Cleopatra. Despite his faults the colossal blunders to which he was so tragically prone, Antony's death did somehow manage to turn out dignified.

The Romans believed very strongly in an afterlife. That in mind, I picture Mark Antony's spirit, free of its mortal shell, met by two fellow shades -- one an old and dear friend, the other an honored foe whose debt of blood had long since been paid. All grievances now resolved, I can see these three noblest of Romans pause briefly -- awaiting only the arrival of a certain radiant Egyptian lady, hurrying to catch up with her beloved -- before beginning their journey to a place where all could dwell in peace, freed from the tragic flaws which had brought about their destruction.

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Pseudopod
Angela Bowns

One-Two For You - One-Two For Me

by Kristie Klune

"One for you and one for me. One-two for you and one-two for me. One-two-three for me." "I like the curly ones. Why do you get all the curly ones?" "That's not fair; you gave me a broken one!"

If you would ask my mother about this conversation now, she would look at you and laugh, vividly recalling the scene that was taking place, but if you would have asked her about this conversation eighteen years ago, she would have frowned, gritted her teeth, and said, "I don't know what I'm going to do with those two."

My sister and I were raised by our mother-- alone. Even though I was four years old before my parents were divorced, I cannot, for the life of me, look at the picture of my father in my mother's photo album and conjure any type of feeling or recognition. However, my sister will tell you straight out that she clearly remembers him. "You were his favorite. He used to baby you. He liked you better." As shown, my sister and I went through sibling rivalry from the moment I was born-- and we have never progressed beyond that stage.

"One for you and one for me," was a constant echo in our home. I can recall my sister and I as two little ragamuffins, with determination and malice written upon our faces, sitting

at the kitchen table, forever counting. If we were given a bag of potato chips or pretzels, a bowl of grapes or dry cereal, whatever it was, we were given our own separate bowls to fill with the goodies. We would spend a half hour or so sitting at the table counting out each individual piece of food. Occasionally we would get hungry from the effort and the count would change somewhat. "One for me and one for you-- I'm hungry. Are you hungry? One-two 'munch' for you - one-two 'crunch' for me."

At first my mother made the mistake of giving us each a bowl already filled with an edible substance. Upon receiving our bowls we would count our pretzels, chips, grapes, whatever, and announce the final tally. "I got twenty-five," she or I would announce proudly. "I have twenty-seven!" would be the jubilant reply. "Mommee!! You gave her more than me, you don't love me as much," one of us would whine tearfully. "For heaven's sake, I'll give you two more," my distraught mother would exclaim. "It's not the same, you gave her more first!" would be the stubborn reply.

We did have other good moments when it seemed as we were loving inseparable siblings. We really did! We loved to play make-believe together. We played doctor. That was fun. We used to consume all the band-aids in the house to fix the boo-

boos on our assortment of well-worn stuffed animals, so none could be found when one of us had our own boo-boos. We would also play beauty shop, but that was put to a halt because our mother had a fit when she saw the new hairstyles our dolls displayed. We didn't realize at the time that our doll's choppy hair would not grow back.

When we realized in second and third grade that our mom was really that jolly old fat man that came once a year in December-- we used to sneak and connive together, searching for an early peek at our presents. That reminds me. Christmas, which is supposed to be the time of peace on earth - goodwill to men, didn't apply to our household. Maybe it was because we were a three female family. Now, because of my supposed maturity, I can see we were really rotten-- we should have received coal in our stockings. But anyway, one Christmas I can remember getting into an argument over who had the most gifts and whose gifts cost the most. My sister received a calculator, which we used to calculate how much my mother had spent on each of us. The final tally- my mother had spent more money on my sister, and I was seething with jealousy. My sister, on the other hand, was upset because I had gotten more presents than she. My mother, as usual, just threw up her hands in disgust and vowed to boycott Christmas the next year. (Even though she threatened every year to discontinue celebrating Christmas, we always did. I think the hope that the

next Christmas had to be better was what kept her going.)

As we got older the arguments switched to clothes and beauty products. Because we were teenagers, females, and only one year, two months, and four days apart in age, it quickly became a ritual to fight every morning while primping for school. We were obsessed with our looks, and we constantly fought over the use of the bathroom mirror, clothes, makeup, jewelry-- anything a teenager would use to beautify herself. I used to ask my sister if I could borrow this or that, and if she was in a loving sisterly mood, I was allowed, but if she wasn't the war would begin.

The same Christmas that we calculated the total price value of our Christmas presents, my sister received a blow dryer. On one of my sister's good days she let me borrow her blow dryer, so I didn't have to go to school with my hair damp-- which I didn't really mind in the first place. But when I found out I was able to control and straighten the unruly waves in my hair using her hair dryer, I was hooked. My sister used her possession of that blow dryer to torment me. If she got what she wanted or was content with her life, she would let me use it. But if we had fought the night before, or I hadn't let her have or use something of mine, she would keep it in her bedroom and wouldn't let me use it.

At times we were really vicious and destructive. One morning my sister was hoarding her blow dryer behind her locked door. I was really upset

because it was picture day at school and I didn't want my picture to show all those kinks and waves sticking out every which way, so I took a hammer and beat on her bedroom door until one of the wooden slats broke. My anger was quickly replaced with worry, as I realized my mother was going to kill me. My sister was happy. "Now you've done it. You're going to get into trouble," she sang gleefully. At that point, my mother must have decided enough is enough because not long afterwards I got my own blow dryer.

I was, and still am, an easy-going, even tempered, peaceful individual. I am proud to say I've never gotten into a physical fight with anyone--with the exception of my sister. We never gave each other black eyes, bloodied faces, or anything major, but small bruises, scratches, and bald spots were common. The closest we came to any real danger was an accident. During one of our frequent arguments, which was starting to get physical, I pushed my sister harder than I intended. I can't remember what we were fighting about, but I do remember the consequences because my sister fell into her bedroom window, which hadn't been opened. Glass flew, and she almost fell out the window. Mom came running into my sister's room in a tizzy. After mom made sure an ambulance wasn't necessary, (miraculously, my sister didn't even have a scratch) we were both severely punished. I was given a lecture on how I could have killed her if she would have fallen out the win-

dow or if a piece of glass had cut her. My sister was ordered to stay in her room and I was sent to mine-- which was directly across the hall from her room.

I have to admit that parents have it rough when more than one child resides in a home. Always after my sister and I fought bitterly-- to the point we declared we weren't sisters anymore, and to the point my mother had to intervene and punish us-- we would make up. The minute my sister and I were punished by being sent to our rooms, doing a chore, whatever-- we instantly became allies. Mean-old mom suddenly became the enemy. As I mentioned earlier, our bedrooms were situated conveniently across the hall from each other, so if we were sentenced to confinement to our rooms for any length of time, we would whisper back and forth plotting our escape.

If the enemy was in earshot, we threw notes back and forth. We prepared what we would say to the confederate commander to get a reprieve. A good one was that we would say we were sorry to each other and become best buddies. "I'm sorry I broke your comb, doll, lamp, etc.," I would say. "And I'm sorry I took your purse, hat, shirt, etc.," she would say. "I'll try to fix or buy you another comb, doll, lamp, etc.," I would say. "And you can borrow one of my purses, hats, shirts, etc.," she would say. We put on the charm so well, angelic halos could be seen above our heads. We became a unified family again, and my sister and I were usually granted a reprieve

from our prisons-- until the next declaration of war.

I'm happy to say "one for you and one for me" does not echo from my mother's home anymore. My sister and I, I am proud to announce, have matured over the years; "Would you turn that god-awful music down I'm trying to study."

"I study better with music; if you

don't like it go downstairs."

"I have the right to study in MY OWN room if I want to!"

"And I have the right to listen to music in MY room if I want to!"

"Mother! make her turn that music down!"

Mom! tell her to quit bugging me!"

Sort-of.



Angel Fish
Kelley Sampson

The Blooming of Iris Stone

2nd Place

by Carol O'Connor

He came through the open gate
As I knelt patiently planting
 hybrid bulbs,
And had begun to meditate
About the jewels I was gently
 putting to rest,
Covering so lightly,
Placing them in animation,
Where for months they must
 hesitate.

There was a purpose to his visit.
All decked out in shirt and tie,
There was a definite reason
 he dropped by.
His eyes gave a definite clue,
His soul flickered there,
Oh so ready to be bared;
I took off my garden gloves
 to fix my hair,
As I stood listening,
 standing there.

"I love you," he said,
 the words so absurd.
I looked to the sky,
And felt the cold October
 air pass by.
I couldn't believe
 the words I heard
Standing in the autumn afternoon.
Had I led him on?
Had he felt love?
Presumed?

My gaze washed over the
 pachysandra growing.
He was such a great friend,
Was my impatience showing?
Where does friendship stop
 and love start growing?
Where does friendship stop
 and love begin?
He was filled with Shakespeare visions
 of Romeo and Juliet;
I was filled with indecisions.

He left through the open gate,
Having come to offer love
 or with hope to create,
And left with a heavy heart,
Having to accept the fall,
 the fate.
The heavy autumn clouds hung low.
I prayed for rain,
 I prayed for snow
To give my bulbs a perennial sleep,
My pregnant bulbs
 planted so deep.

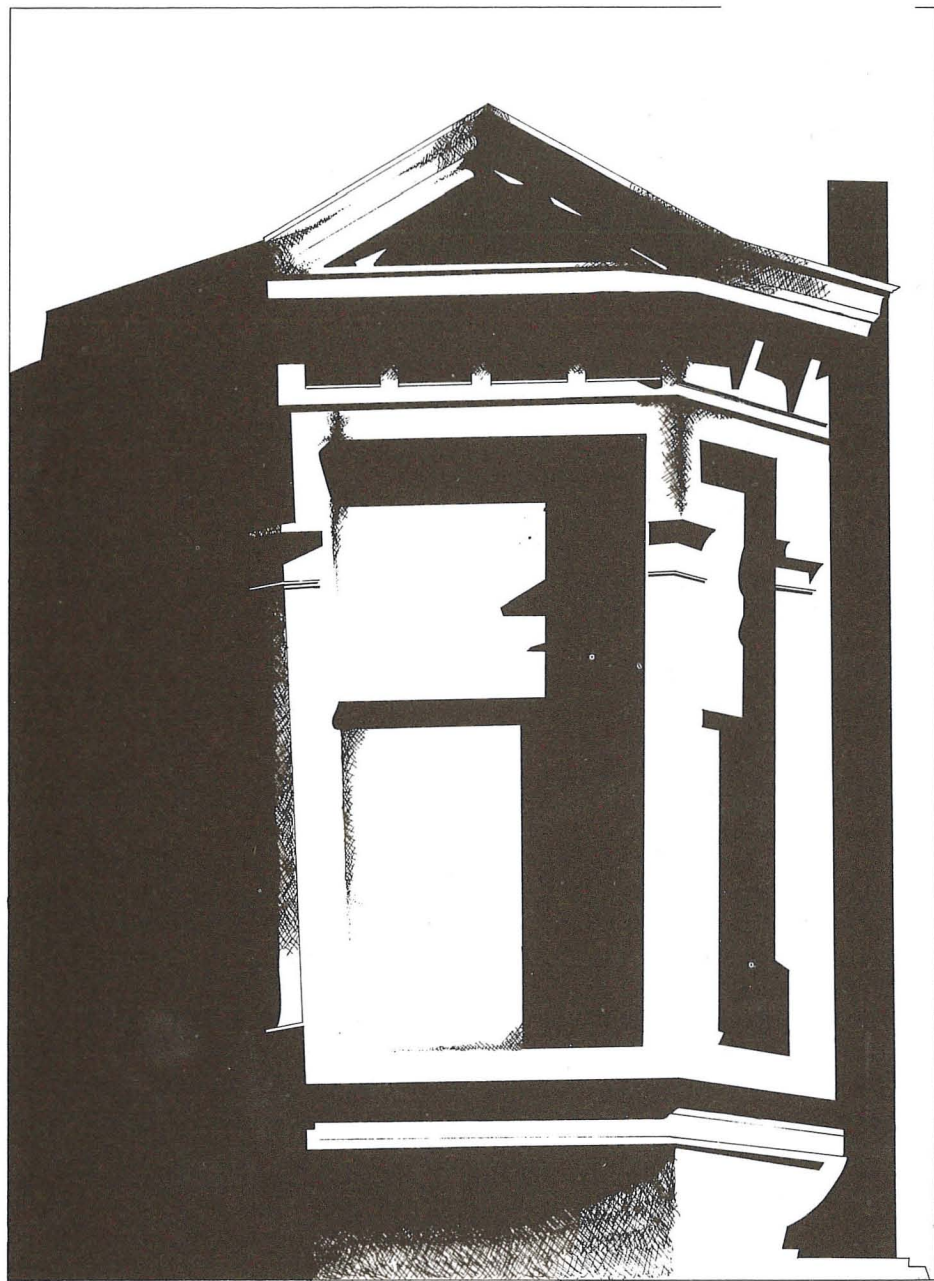
Then came winter like a polar bear,
Slowly lumbering into its lair.
The snowflakes floated to the earth,
Insulating the bulbs
 in hibernation,
Postponing growth,
 postponing birth,
And I inside my cozy house
Feeling something stir within,
Waiting with increased
 expectation,
Growing, growing anticipation.

Sleep now my emperor tulips,
Narcissus and daffodils,
My hyacinth and alliums,
In deep, deep sleep lie still.

The snow hugged tight
 the earth in sleep;
My thoughts blew wild,
My thought ran deep and
Penetrated a frigid, barren place,
As I felt my heart gently race.

The days grew longer
 as spring grew near.
There was a strange stirring
 in the air.
My now fertile heart felt
 light and full
When he slowly, questioningly
 stepped inside,
My gate, again, as invitation
 was opened wide.

I sat in the warming sun
Surrounded in swelling blooms,
And told him what my heart
 had grown.
"I love you," I told him...
The day was warm April, no less;
Yet,...I felt a cold October breeze
 cross my chest.



Watchers
Shawn Smith

The Beauty Goddess of the Night Gets Caught

1st Place Tie

by Sarah Faulkner

I peered into the mirror critically. At fourteen years old, I had accepted the reality that I was not beautiful. I was chubby. I had long, thick, dull brown hair. I had very thick glasses, behind which my eyes receded into tiny pigmy eyes. But behind this disappointing exterior was an IMAGINATION. It saved me from mediocrity and despair. It filled my life with excitement and drama.

It made me beautiful.

I was enough of a realist to know that I couldn't be beautiful just any time. But I had worked out a formula. At night, when it was dark, I could be as beautiful as I wanted because nobody could see me, so I would stodge through each day until nightfall when I would release my imagination and enjoy being beautiful.

I had a routine. At eleven or midnight, long after the family was sleeping, I would put on my outfit, a toga I had made of slinky, shiny fabric, palely pink and lavender. I would put on blue eye shadow, brush my hair 'till it gleamed, then sneak up the hall, down the stairs and out the front door. My older sister slept downstairs in the back bedroom, which had a connecting door with the front spare room, and that room opened out right beside the front door, so I had to creep very quietly.

Normally, I would flit mysterious-

ly through the yards, dodging cars, disappearing into the shadows. Tonight's jaunt, however, would be much more exciting, delightfully risky, for tonight, I had decided, I was going to stop a car. Tonight, I was a goddess of beauty, and some poor, tired man, driving home late a night, would glance up and see a vision of loveliness. Then, before his very eyes the vision would vanish, and he would spend the rest of his life driving down country lanes, searching for the beauty goddess of the night.

Our driveway was flanked on either side by tall, thick bushes. On the south edge of the yard was a street light, and if I stood just beyond the shadows of the hedge, the wind would tug at the hem of my toga, and the light would shimmer and dance on the fabric, so it was there that I struck a dramatic, beauty goddess style pose and waited. When the first car passed, my human sensibilities dragged me back into the shadows. But then my fourteen year old, over-active imagination reasserted itself, and chastising myself for cowardice, I returned to my post.

Within moments it happened. The victim sped past while I stood motionless, stiffened by resolve, smiling with determination. He looked up; then his face blurred as astonishment distorted his features. The tires

squealed in surprise as the brakes locked up and then, to my horror, my victim threw the car into reverse and began backing down the road towards me.

Resolve fled, and so did I. It would have spoiled the effect if I had run straight in at the front door, so like a true vision of mystery, I disappeared into the shadows at the side of the house. I dashed in the back door, shut it tightly, then ran and did the same to the front door. Then I positioned myself at the window in the dark and watched as the car drove slowly back and forth past my house. Eventually, he gave up, and having had my fill of excitement for the night, I went up to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. After lying in bed forever, staring at the ceiling, I got up again and went downstairs. I went into the kitchen and did the dishes, and I was just finishing up when I got that feeling. It was the feeling that starts between the shoulder blades and makes the hair at the back of the neck stand up, the feeling that comes to people who stay up alone at night in a big, half-empty house, the feeling that whispers cold at the ear, "You are not alone!"

I know how to combat this feeling. I do the rounds. That means going from room the room, turning on the light, looking around, turning off the light, going to the next room. This is effective because I already know, up there beyond the reach of night-time adrenaline, that I really am alone except for the sleepers. I just need reassurance.

So I began the rounds: from the kitchen to the bathroom, down the back hall to Dad's study, (so far so good) through the big open living room and dining room, past the stairs and front hall on the left, the front door on the right, to the spare...

Even as my hand reached out to push open the spare room door, I paused astonished, looking at the front door, the same front door that I had pulled so tightly shut just a silent, dark hour before, the front door which now stood open a telltale crack.

Apparently the thudding of my heart deafened me to the call of sense because I did not run away up to my safe and quiet bed, nor did I run away to hiss in a terrified whisper at my Father's bedroom door. I did not even run away at all. I stood, quite still, my pulse thundering in my ears, my fingertips on the door, forever.

Then I pushed it open...

While on the other side, another hand held it closed.

To this day I can still feel my eyes bulging in fear, I can feel the rush of air into my body, I can feel my mouth shaping the scream, the scream that never found a voice as the door was suddenly snatched away from my hand and opened wide.

And there he stood, red-faced and gasping my name.

No, not The Victim.

My sister's boyfriend.



Gamma Dog
Luis Rodriguez

Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes: A Comparison of Four Flawed Men

by Jo Ann Clute

Shakespeare's tragedies are greatly varied in style, plot, and characterization. No two can be called alike, for each deals with unique individuals and their equally unique problems. However, like all good tragedies, they have one thing in common: the man with the tragic flaw. Within that frame, Shakespeare presented to us a broad range of personality types, ranging from the truly noble to the utterly despicable. Of the tragedies we have studied, I think this spectrum is best represented through a comparison of four of these flawed men: Marcus Brutus, Hamlet, Mark Antony, and Macbeth.

At the end of the spectrum representing nobility, we find Brutus, the idealistic Roman whose fatal flaw was his naivete concerning human nature. Every action, every decision, was weighed according to what Brutus believed would mean the greatest good to the most people; his crimes had nothing to do with personal ambition, but with justice as he perceived it. He had qualms about the murder of Caesar, but, trusting both to the honesty of his fellow conspirators and to the common sense of the people (neither of which proved particularly reliable), he allowed himself to be drawn into the plot. Later, he made a similar mistake in permitting Antony to address the crowds, despite Cassius' warnings, because he believed Antony to be a man of honor (a question which would trouble Antony himself at a later time.) Thus Brutus was truly a tragic hero, a man who was doing what he believed to be right and whose downfall came about because of one fundamental failing in his nature.

Next we come to Hamlet, Prince of Denmark--the Melancholy Dane. Not melancholia, but an overwhelming obsession with revenge was his undoing. Casting aside all other concerns - most notably his love for Ophelia and finally, according to some interpretations, his sanity - he dedicated himself with a frighteningly single-minded intensity to the avenging of his father's murder. He is likewise convinced of the righteousness of his scheme (once he was sufficiently assured of his uncle's guilt). He was ready to employ techniques which would have horrified the noble Roman, and showed a notable lack of regard for the innocents around him. As an example, consider Brutus' attitude toward Antony. Cassius' opinion notwithstanding, he insisted that Antony be spared, since, in his mind, only Caesar represented a threat. Had the other conspirators struck Antony down in cold blood or through sheer accident, it is not difficult to imagine that Brutus would have been outraged. Recall then Hamlet's reaction to the knowledge that he had mistakenly murdered Polonius: cold, to say the least. Certainly he evidenced no particular remorse over the act. Though he seems to have been a usually decent man, Hamlet quite clearly had

a mean streak (as poor Ophelia could testify) which removes him from the level of nobility attained by Brutus.

One of my favorite characters, yet one who falls even further down the scale than the Dane, is Mark Antony, as he appeared in the play *Antony and Cleopatra*. Here is a tragic hero who seemed quite well aware of his own status as such. He is perhaps the saddest of the four, for whereas Brutus fell due to his unrealistic expectations of the people around him, and Hamlet due to his fanatical pursuit of justice, Antony's downfall was love. Fully conscious of his own weaknesses and torn between Cleopatra and Rome, he lacked the steadfast conviction of his own righteousness which characterized our first two heroes. He was by no means devoid of nobility, but had long since lost the fiery will which had carried him to victory over Brutus in *Julius Caesar*. I call him a sad character because it was obvious, before the play had gone very far, that what the man wanted more than anything else was a little peace of mind. What he got, of course, was an unfair measure of grief and an agonizing (if noble) death.

Finally we come to the dastardly Macbeth. This man hardly deserves the title of 'hero', tragic or otherwise. Whereas the previously discussed characters had in common at least some theoretically worthwhile goal, Macbeth's sole motive was an overdeveloped sense of ambition. He seems to have been more a villain with a few somewhat redeeming characteristics than a great man with a tragic flaw. While it is true that he was troubled by conscience both before and after his act, the fact remains that he had no noble purpose behind his crimes--merely his wife's goadings, his superstitious acceptance of the witches, predictions, and an inflated ego. If Hamlet in his quest for revenge seemed inconsiderate of others, then Macbeth's pursuit of power was positively bloodthirsty: he showed little or no regard for human life, ruthlessly slaughtering innocents if they presented any sort of a threat to him, real or imagined. None of the other three would have condoned nor practiced such atrocities. The others, most of us can relate to on some level; this is simply not true of Macbeth, for (and here I hope that I do not, like Brutus, overestimate human nature) most people are not so self-serving and lacking in morality as to approve (much less copy!) his methodology. Thus, I place him at the bottom of my list.

To attempt to neatly categorize Shakespeare's characters, of course, is not so simple as it may appear here. For example, some might attribute more heroic proportions to Antony than to Hamlet, or insist that Brutus was less deserving of the uppermost place than I have made him appear, or proclaim that such rankings cannot be made at all - that each character must be judged separately. I can only answer, these are my interpretations based on my own limited experience with the plays. Shakespeare was an expert on the nature of humankind. The only way to truly appreciate the scope of his abilities in portraying different personality types is to study his works from beginning to end, many times, over a lifetime. What I have attempted to do here is merely to scratch the surface.

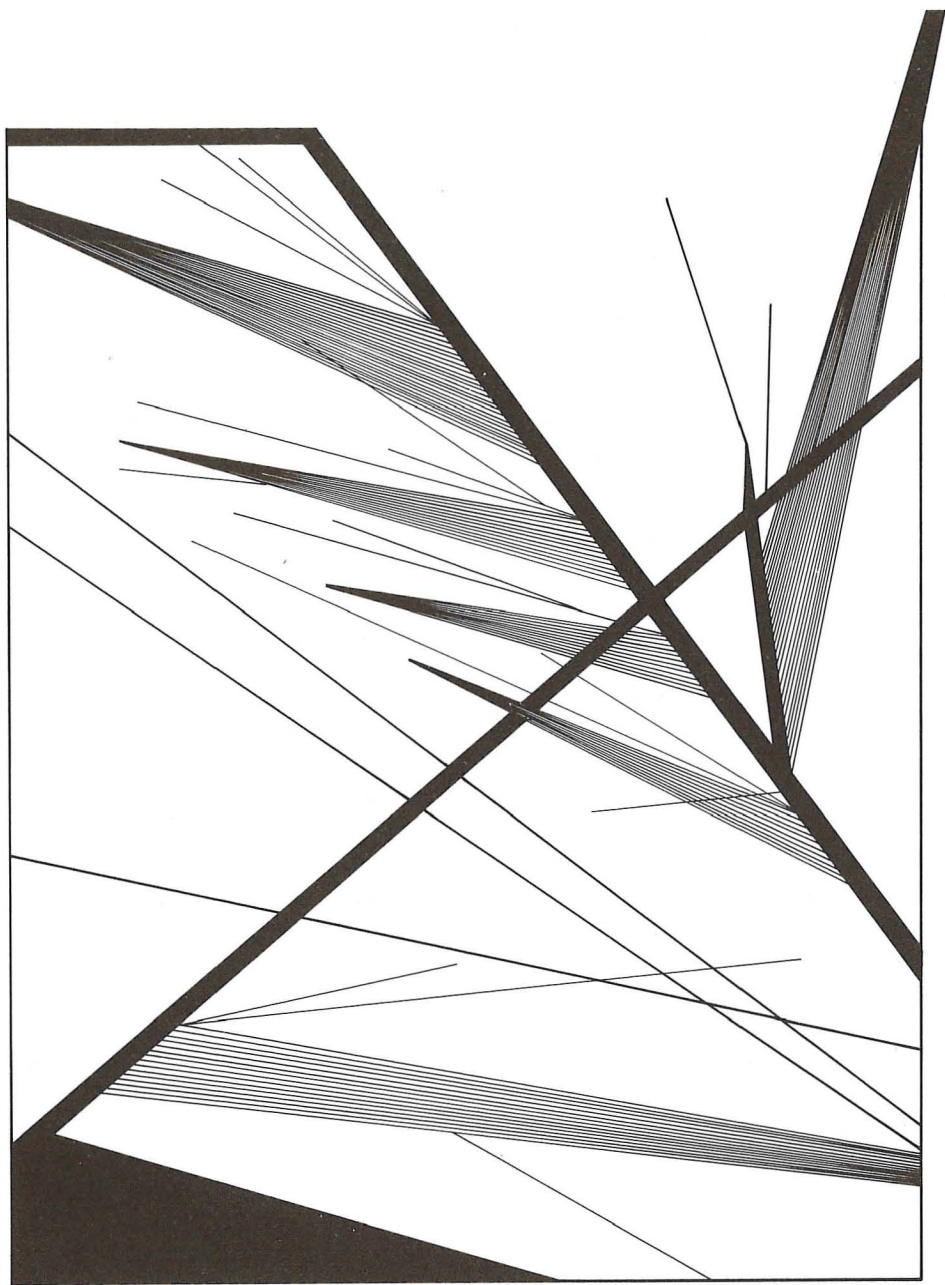
At any rate, it is clear that each of the tragic figures here discussed had a very different approach to solving his problems from any of the others. The most striking feature in all their strategies would seem to be their lack of success. Are we to assume, then, that all those who achieve greatness are required to be perfect or else doomed to fail? At first glance, it would seem that any of these men could have altered the outcome had they made a single decision differently...but, examining these crucial decisions, we see that in most of the instances where a choice would have changed things significantly, the nature of the decision brought into play the tragic flaw which was the whole point of the play in the first place! If Brutus had not allowed Antony to speak to the crowd...but he trusted him; if Hamlet had not cast Ophelia aside...but he had no time to think of love; if Antony had not retreated when Cleopatra's forces fled...but his "heart was to (her) rudder tied by th' strings;" if Macbeth had not listened to the witches...but they told him what he wanted to hear. And so it runs, through all four plays.

Perhaps what Shakespeare is trying to say is that few have the strength of will, and/or the wisdom, to cope with the demands of greatness without falling prey to their own human imperfections. Responsibility can only be borne for so long before one starts to make mistakes. Let us hope, at least, that through Shakespeare's portrayals of the flaws which plague all men, we can come to better identify and overcome our own.

Lamp

by Eric Halamka

shadows dreamily dance
upon new moonlit walls
mesmerizing mazes
of blackness -
cast the dark aside, make haste
alight the lamp and fly



"C" Series-E
Debra Dunkel

Midlife Without A Husband

by Madeline Wurtzsmith

The youthful years have been a wonderful part of life for a woman. The traditional "child-bearing" and "husband-caring" years were great, but there's more to life. During those years, a woman has put her whole self into caring for her family and catering to her husband's wishes. She has lost her identity. She has lived in the shadow of a man. Her children have grown up. Her marriage has gotten stale and has ended. She's alone and she's older. However, the best is yet to come! Midlife for a woman is a time for renewal. It is an opportunity to develop a new sense of self. A woman that is going through this time of her life as a "single" person is a very fortunate woman. The adventure of midlife is exciting. Without a husband it may well be the greatest time in her life. The freedom of "single" life and the maturity of midlife blend together to make life wonderful for a woman.

First, and foremost, there is the freedom for her to make her own choices and the experience with life to make the choices that are best for her. She does not have to consider anyone else when she chooses the food she will cook if she decides to cook. She can choose her own entertainment or type of vacation. A single woman can make her own decisions about whether to buy or rent a home. She will be able to manage her finances as she sees fit. She does not have to be nice to or entertaining to a spouse's friends when she has something she'd rather do. A single mature woman can choose her own friendships and be with people that she enjoys.

This woman's time is her own. With no husband around, housework, laundry, and other "domestic" chores are cut to a minimum. Since midlife is a time for renewal, she can use the extra time she has to get to know herself better and realize her own values. There now is the time to do all of the things she never could do before. She can read books she never had time to read before. She might choose to spend more time developing her career. Since she is so flexible, her time is her own to use as she pleases.

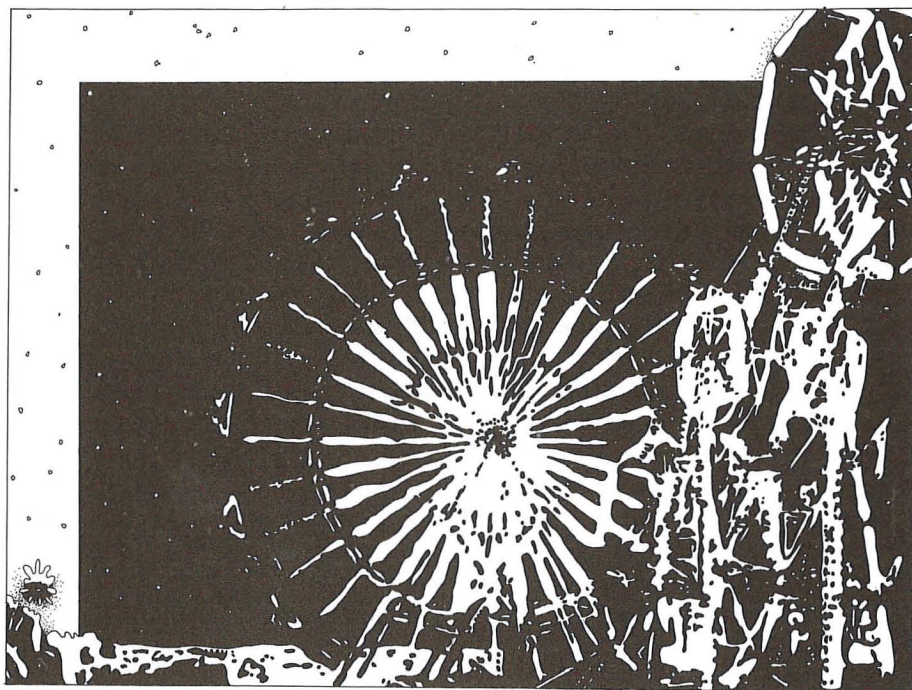
For the mature single woman, her social life is more exciting and fulfilling than ever. By becoming active in her career and other activities, she will become acquainted with a variety of people. She will be more interesting to other people because she has more interests. The single woman can choose her own friends and decide what she enjoys doing. With her experiences over the years comes the maturity to be able to choose activities and companions that are the most satisfying and enjoyable for her.

The peace and tranquility of mature single life is a restful experience for a woman. The only responsibility she has is to herself. This can be a time for rejuvenation, a time to recognize her strengths and a time to work on her weaknesses. There is the opportunity to have time to think about herself, set her own goals and calmly choose

how she can meet these goals. She can set her own pace without the influence of others' needs.

The greatest reward of mature single living is the growth of self-esteem a woman feels as she realizes her accomplishments. Each weakness that is overcome makes her stronger. Each assertive act makes her more confident. Each crisis she comes through makes her less fearful of the next. The more independent a woman becomes, the better she feels about herself. The personal growth at this time of her life can be dynamic. She will feel good about herself, make her own decisions, accept the responsibility for her choices and for making them come true.

Being single and mature need not mean boredom, loneliness, dependency and/or weakness to a woman. This time in her life is as fulfilling and exciting as any other time. There is no one to hold her back or slow her down. She can live her own life. One of the greatest moments in life is when a woman realizes she is not just a part of something, but a whole person.



Fall
Shawn Smith

The Psychology of Shakespeare

by Rosalind Bonacorsi

Shakespeare revealed how thoroughly he understood human nature in his plays. He created numerous predicaments for his character; then, he would find reasonable solutions for them. By doing this he showed his observations of the characteristics of mankind. Shakespeare used his knowledge to show how people would act in different situations. For example, in The Tempest he explored the relationship between parents and children. Child psychology has been greatly researched in present times. In Shakespeare's time this knowledge was not available; however, with the aid of common sense Shakespeare proved that he was a leader in understanding children. He realized that children are not always eager to please their parents. As children mature, there will come a time when they feel that they are as smart as their parents, and often they feel that they are smarter than their parents. At this point in their development children want to make decisions for themselves. In fact, they will often do the exact opposite of what their parents want just so that they can feel independent. In The Tempest Shakespeare showed that he truly understood this complex relationship.

In this play, Shakespeare created a situation between a father and a daughter. Shakespeare's awareness of human nature was revealed through

Prospero. Prospero was a clever father because he used this insight to outwit Ferdinand and Miranda. Prospero had a scheme that would make the children fall in love. He understood that if his plan was to work they could not know about his scheme because then it would surely fail. It was fun to watch how he fooled the children. They fell in love with each other because they were under the illusion that it did not please Prospero. Admittedly, the viewer realizes that the real illusion was that Prospero had tricked them to achieve his desired result.

For his plan to succeed Prospero needed to control every situation. For instance, it was not an accident that after the shipwreck Ferdinand was left alone. He was alone because when Miranda was introduced to him, Prospero wanted her to fall in love with Ferdinand. If Ferdinand was with other people, Prospero could not control who Miranda would fall in love with. With the exchange of a few words Prospero noticed that his trickery was beginning to work when he remarked, "...At the first sight/ They have chang'd eyes (I ii)." At this point Prospero had to begin his deception in order that his plan would continue to work. Prospero explained to the viewer how he would do this,

*They are both in either's pow'rs; but this
swift business*

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light (I ii).

He was aware that he could not appear to be eager for this love to begin between the children because if he showed his enthusiasm, they would not fall in love with each other. Therefore, he had to continue to fool them if he was to succeed with his scheme.

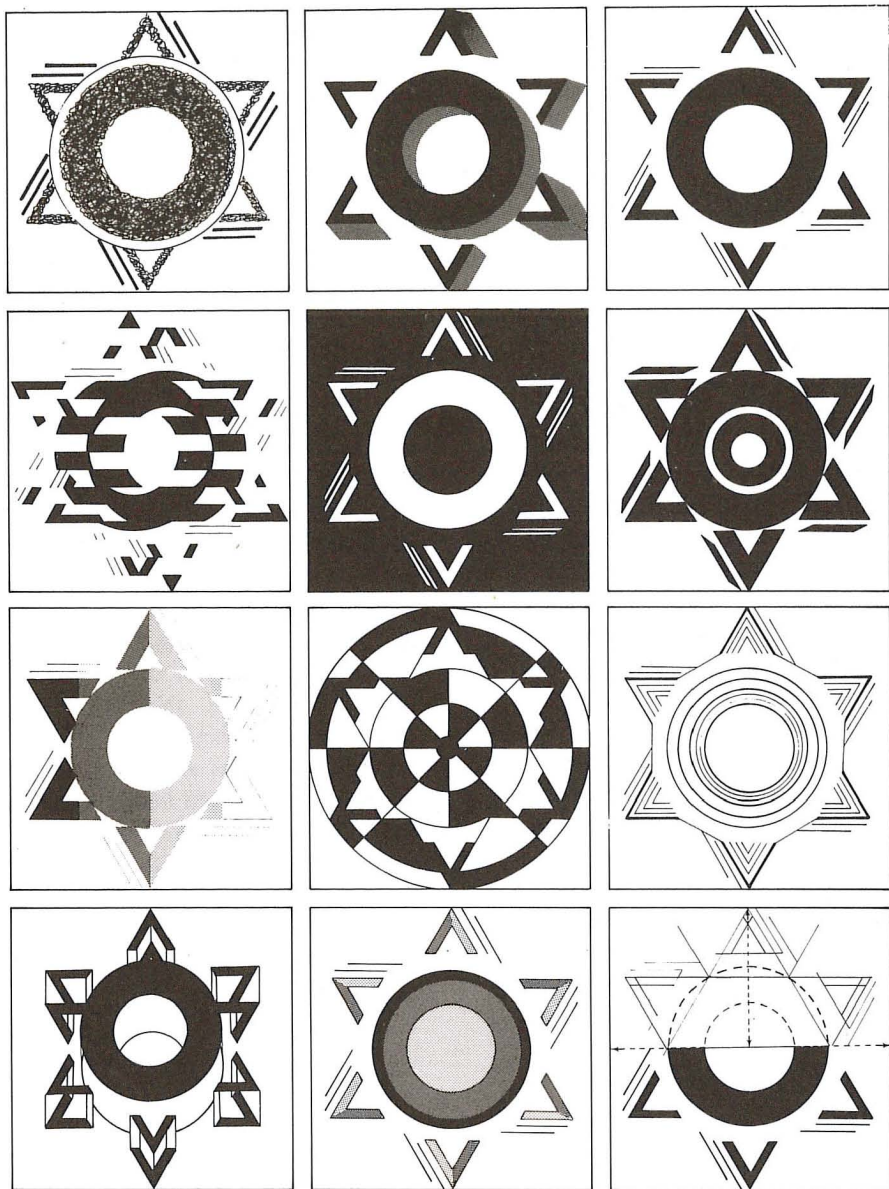
One of Prospero's strategies was to appear as if he did not approve of Ferdinand. He realized that by doing this Miranda most assuredly would like him. Indeed, the first thing he did was accuse Ferdinand of being a spy. The next crisis to arise was the possibility of a fight between Prospero and Ferdinand. During this scene Miranda was doing exactly what Prospero wanted because she was defending Ferdinand. Then, when he told Miranda not to talk to Ferdinand, he knew that she would. Throughout this whole charade Prospero was very happy with himself because it was obvious that his scheme was succeeding.

Prospero realized that he had to continue with his deception. He invited Ferdinand home with them because he wanted to keep them together. However, his invitation was not a warm one. This tactic is not obvious because to the youngsters

this was the only possible course of action. After all, where else would he go on the island? Prospero can continue to control the children when they are together with him.

However, Prospero continues to treat Ferdinand in an ill-tempered manner. For example, he sent Ferdinand out to pile logs. While doing his work, Ferdinand was thinking of Miranda. This was probably what Prospero wanted. Prospero understood that by keeping them apart they would want to be together even more. When Miranda thought her father was busy, she slipped away to be with Ferdinand. Prospero was excited because Miranda had disobeyed him. This was further proof that his plan was working. Eventually, they exchanged words of love, and proposed marriage. Prospero was delighted by this victory.

This scheme was an illusion that worked. The children believed that they had outwitted Prospero, and were happy to be with each other. If Prospero had told them about his plan, they would not have succeeded. The children would have disobeyed him, or felt that they were being forced upon each other. Therefore, because Prospero concealed his scheme, he got what he wanted.



Snowday II
Debra Dunkel

My Child and Your Child

1st Place Tie

by Robert Van Putten

No one could really tell it from a superficial observation, but my child is far and away different from most other children. Oh, it's true she enjoys all the things other kids like and participates in all the usual activities of youth. In many ways she is no different from any other child. She has many friends, and she laughs and she cries. She has dolls and crayons and books, and our refrigerator is an art gallery. She is a member in good standing of the local brownie troop and a house-ape of the first degree. And yet her life differs from most children's.

My daughter is the child who suffers from the broken home. It is not obvious, nor does it seem to affect her overtly, but I know she suffers all the same. She suffers indignity at family-type social functions. She suffers humiliation in the face of a question directed toward her parents and home. While other children go to the fair swinging on the arms of mom and dad, my daughter goes with one hand empty. And when other families gather on holidays in their traditional methods, my child goes where the legal papers say she must.

There is no true family in her life that she can turn to for unqualified advice or hope. She is forced to decide which parental suggestion merits

acceptance and struggle along by her wits in a world that is no match for a seven-year-old child. Obviously she has the love and attention of those around her, but it comes from a multitude of directions, pulling and distorting her young life. Which way does one turn toward for darkness when the light shines from all directions? It's simple. One either turns inward or completely embraces the gloss. For a child too young to decipher love, too much time in its glow is not good, so to compensate, her father must be "mean" when he would rather give her only his blessings.

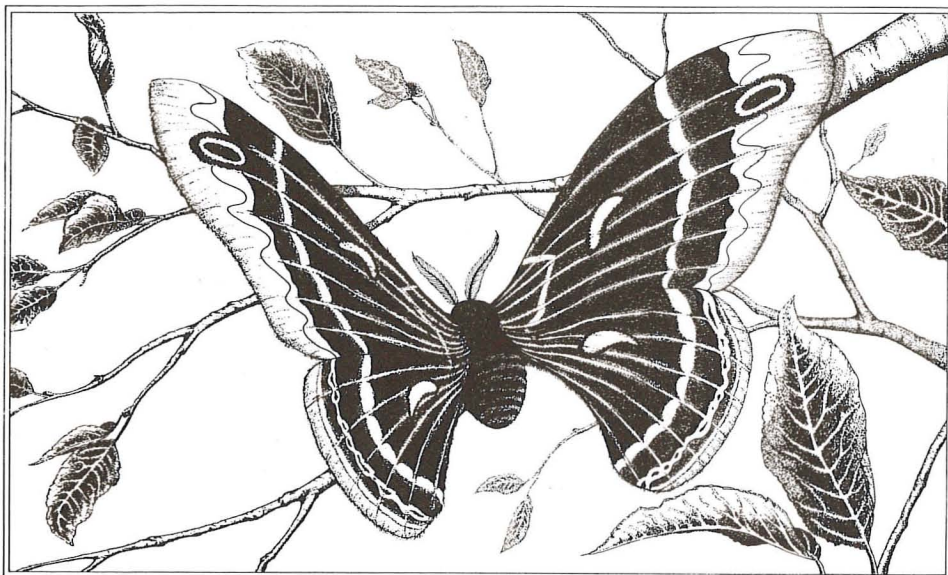
My daughter, like anyone else, had no choice in her inheritance. She came into it with a gasp like all babies do. But her lot was one of individuality, given to her by alcoholic, irresponsible parents. We celebrated her birth by getting drunk, and had we made it through the ensuing year together, we would have toasted her first birthday the same way. We would have drunk ourselves stupid, laughed at a child with cake on her face and pretended everything was fine. We never got to that point. In my daughter's immediate family, alcoholism and divorces are partners. In fact, they are the only partners to remain stable in the past two generations.

Other children have two parents

and four grandparents, while my daughter has a myriad of real, step, and pseudo-parents and grandparents, accompanied by countless aunts, uncles, and cousins. The only constant in her family is the coming and going of its members. While other children's family birthdays and anniversaries are special occasions, observed with celebrations of togetherness, her calendar is covered with fresh ink and scribbles. Even the most important dates are ignored if the visitation papers direct they be so. Custom and tradition are victims by her side.

But, my daughter may realize an

education by proxy from this imbroglio that other children may never know. She will either know both sides of the fence that separates her from convention, or she will know its full length and height. She will either be a beneficiary or a casualty of her problems. She will live and learn like anyone else. She will grow and age and mature into a young woman confronted with choices no different from those of her peers. And, if her education serves her well and I do my job right, she will make the decisions that lead to the establishment of our new family traditions.



Exodus of the Moth
Terry Cowper



Maison
Kelly Kuriluk

Dante On Sodomy

by Eric Halamka

Over the course of time, public opinion toward social issues may change. When the period of time is 700 years ranging from the years 1300 to 2000, the change in opinion may be revolutionary if not extraordinary. Dante's *Inferno* from *The Divine Comedy* can be considered a chart of medieval thought concerning the order and severity of the sins of the age. One sin, that of sodomy, is located in a particularly deep place in hell. In modern times, a large portion of society would not even consider sodomy a sin. This reflects a revolutionary change of opinion.

In the seventh circle of hell there are three progressively sinister rounds of which the Violent Against God, Nature, and Art is the third and most severe. This third round is set on an expansive plain of burning sand. Falling on the sand is a slow and steady rain of fire: "Great flashes of flame fell slowly as snow falls in the Alps on a windless day (Norton 1200, 26-7)." Spread across the plain of sand are three types of individuals: those who lay stretched and stationary (the Violent Against God), those who huddle together (the Violent Against Art), and those who endlessly roam about the plain in small groups (the Violent Against Nature):

*Enormous herds of naked souls I saw, lamenting till their
eyes were burned of tears; they assumed condemned by an
equal law, for some were stretched supine upon the ground,
some squatted with their arms about themselves, and others
without pause roamed round and round. (1200, 16-21)*

Dante categorizes sodomites as the Violent Against Nature since sodomy is defined as sexual intercourse between a human and an unnatural or abnormal partner--usually a person of the same sex. The sodomites happen to be by far the largest group of sinners tormented on the plain: "Most numerous were those that roamed the plain (1200, 22)."

Dante treats his interaction with the sodomites differently from sinners in other parts of hell. Dante often chides other sinners and in the case of wrathful Filippo Argenti, even wishes more torment: "It would suit my whim to see the wretch scrubbed down into the swill before we leave this stinking sink and him (1176, 49-51)." Such is not the case in Dante's interaction with the sodomites. With the exception of one sodomite, Bishop Andrea de'Mozzi, who is mentioned in passing and never meets Dante: "That one the Servant of Servants sent from the Arno to the Bacchiglione where he left his unnatural organ wrapped in cerements (1207, 112-4)," all other sodomites either mentioned or met were considered men of good standing: "All were clerks and men of worth, great men of leggers, scholars of renown (1207, 106-7)." Dante is urged to treat the sodomites kindly by his guide Virgil, who says: "These are souls to whom respect is due (1208, 15)." Dante's emotion then goes beyond his guide's suggestion: "The first impulse of my heart (was) to leap down and

embrace them then and there (1209, 50-1)." According to the commentary by translator John Ciardi, at least three of the sodomites, Guido Gyerra, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, and Jacopo Rusticucci, have no other historical reference to their sin other than Dante's Inferno. This fact, in addition to those stated earlier, seem to lead the reader to deduce that Dante was attempting to portray sodomy as a common offense practiced secretly among the morally upright. And although medieval society seems to put a heavy weight on the sin of sodomy, Dante treats the offenders with a great deal of respect and empathy.

However, all of this cannot deny that sodomites are located deep in hell. Murderers, committers of suicide, heretics, and fallen angels among others are all located above sodomites.

In modern times, sodomy--specifically homosexuality--is gaining wider social acceptance. Many Christian denominations have gay parishes and gay clergy. Even in the Catholic Church it is reported that there is a significant number of active gay priests. Sexual freedom in the last half of the twentieth century represents a break from the traditional way of thinking. The idea that sexual preference has no bearing on religious approval is becoming more commonplace.

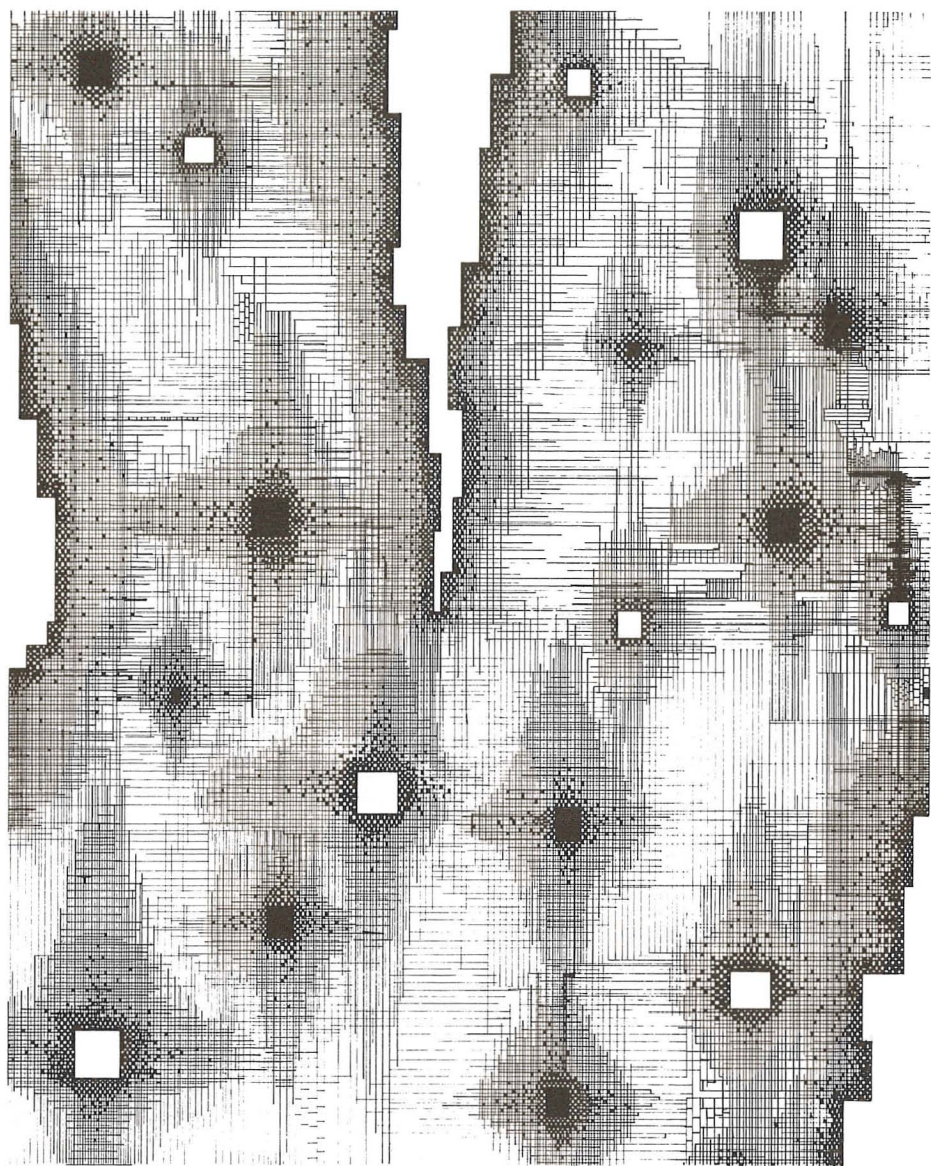
The AIDS crisis brought fundamentalists to the forefront claiming that this was God's way of purging earth of the homosexual atrocity. Only now, AIDS is treating drug users, prostitutes, blood recipients, careless heterosexuals, and innocent babies with similar respect. This certainly cannot fit into the fundamentalists' scheme of things.

In the hell of today, there might not even be a place for sodomy. But if there was, it would most likely fall under Carnal sins, because pleasure of the flesh might have become an overwhelming desire for the individual. According to most Christian thinking, if a person places God above all other priorities, that person will automatically go to heaven. Thus, if a sodomite were to go to heaven he needs only to place God first.

The views of Dante on sodomy may be considered progressive for his time. To Brunetto Latino, a sodomite Dante meets in hell, he offers these remarks:

*Ah, had I all my wish...you would not yet be banished
from the world in which you were a radiance among men,
for the sweet image, gently and paternal, you were to
me in the world when hour by hour you taught me how man
makes himself eternal, lives in my mind, and now strikes
to my heart; and while I live, the gratitude I owe it
will speak to men out of my life and art. (1206, 79-87)*

To no other sinner in hell does Dante pay greater tribute. In the history of public opinion toward sodomy, Dante's own may represent the beginning of a revolutionary change of thought.



Bark #6
Eric Peterson

Mosaic Village

by Penny Strauss

The little town on the edge of the water is a conglomerate of the many facets of life. My view from across the river is like a mosaic picture before me. There is something striking about the fishing village. The shore is lined with docks. Today, with the cold weather, they are filled with tiny boats, each one like a world of its own. The contrasting designs and structures, the variety of colors and trimmings are as unique and varied as the many lives of the crews on board each one.

The rocks, barrels and old tires that form a protection for the shorelines against the striking waters seem perfectly aligned, a sign of safety and security to the villagers. Little buildings, garages, bait shops and supply outlet stores look like a miniature village on a postcard. Matching paints of sky and water blues and white-trimmed windows and doors create a feeling of unity. I am reminded of a peaceful scene on a giant jigsaw puzzle.

Today there are a few people bustling about outside. There is much to do as winter approaches. Boats need to be cleaned, winterized and stored away. Docks need to be secured against the wind and ice that will soon come. Businesses that will soon close down for the winter need to be inventoried and tidied up for the season. As I see these things happening, I realize it will not be long before there is no motion here at all.

Stored behind some of the big sheds are the old boats that have long been retired. They seem to still stand like tall monarchs even in their graveyard. This part of the mosaic is dreary and sad, for they will not come alive again at winter's end. Across the way is a tall, obtrusive-looking crane. At first, it seemed to look out of place, this heavy piece of equipment among all of the delicately designed boats, but I suppose it is needed to put the boats in and out of the water with the changing season, and so it belongs here after all.

The small, humble homes of the village line the background of this picture. They are not meager; neither are they boastful. They provide shelter, rest and comfort for those who spend their days on the water. They are symbols of stability and of belonging to this little village scene.



"C" Series – F
Debra Dunkel

An Explication of a Poem by Dickinson

1st Place Tie
by Jennifer Irwin

*After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it he, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?*

*The feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone*

*This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—*

-Emily Dickinson

All people suffer pain some time in their lives, and at the time, it often seems the worst that could ever happen, the end of all hope, all reason to live. The pain seems a living entity, tearing one limb from soul's limb, or a dead weight too heavy to bear. Some drop the burden and continue on the path, but others succumb to oblivion.

This emotionally draining experience is the subject of "After great pain...." Miss Dickinson aptly describes the experience as similar to that of nearly freezing to death: "Chill--the Stupor--then the letting go", yet what kind of letting go--death or moving on from the pain--is not certain, leaving a proper poetic ambiguity and thus room for a personal interpretation.

The rhyme scheme, unlike that of many of her poems, is consistent. The last two lines always end-rhyme, despite the irregularities in shape and rhythm. This pulls together the ends of the stanzas while leaving the beginnings somewhat shapeless and incompletely formed, much like a life unshaped by trials, a soul untempered by tribulation.

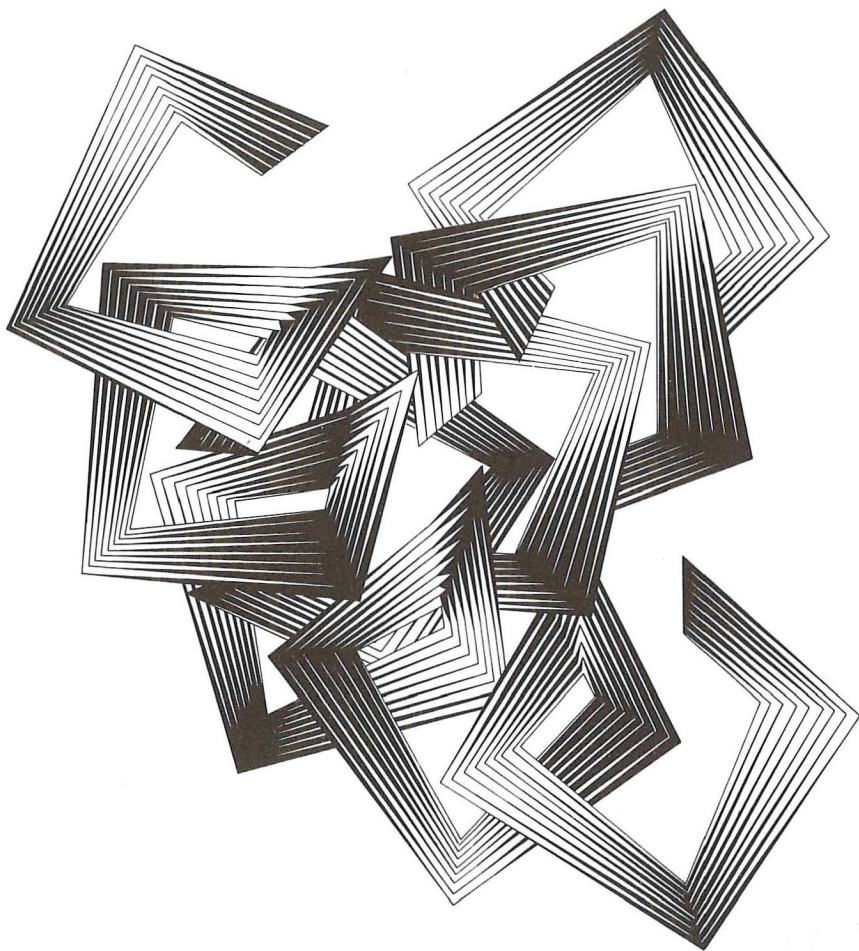
The personification of Nerves and Heart opens the picture of numb pain, for the "Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs" and the Heart is stiff. It would seem the speaker can no longer feel for the pain in her soul. The pain is so great that even the sense of time is lost in the eternity of grief.

The broken rhythm suggests the brokenness of the soul that speaks. It destroys continuity, leaving dismembered thoughts strewn about the page. Sections at a time give the illusion of rhythm, but then the next line breaks the continuity once more, like the cracks formed walking on thin ice.

The speaker passes through life without acknowledging it, blocking out all around with "a Quartz contentment." Whether she walks on earth, air or nothing, she does not care, for the pain is all.

Yet it would seem the mourning must at last end, one way or another, the "Hour of Lead," the time of decision for life or death, has come. The decision is a heavy weight and not easily made, and the reader is left in doubt as to which choice won out, but it would seem most likely life. For, unless one lives through an experience, how can one know what the remembering of it is like?

Whichever choice was made, the reader is left wondering what his own choice might be in a similar situation. One might ask oneself, "Would I take the path to life or death?" Unless one is faced with the decision, in truth, the answer can never be known.



Zik Zak
Eric Halamka

Meeting My Relatives

2nd Place

by Judy Wyrembelski

As I walked across the well-pruned lawns, I gazed around me with mixed emotions. For the first time I was meeting my relatives. Maybe it was an odd feeling to have regarding cold slabs of granite planted in the soft, green earth. Maybe. Yet, those stones were the stories of my past--the ending of the lives that were instrumental to the beginning of mine. The letters, etched so precisely, gave me information I would have known had any of them been alive to relate history to me. Tracing my roots and learning about my ancestors had become increasingly important, not only for me, but as a benefit for my children.

My mother's childhood was virtually a mystery to me for most of my life. It was rarely a topic of discussion, nor did it often occur to me to ask questions. I was obviously too busy being a kid to wonder at the absence of my maternal relations. Unfortunately, by the time I was seriously interested in knowing about my lineage, my mother's only cousin--and sole living relative--had passed away, leaving my mother as the single link to the past. Now, at seventy-four, some of the events and details she wishes to remember, and I long to know, seem to be buried forever along with the dead. Over the last five or ten years, my mother occasionally dropped a small bit of her life

in my lap to consider. Eventually, it sparked my curiosity enough that I started to pry for information about her family history. The stories she related were more often tinged with sorrow than happiness. My maternal grandmother had died when my mother was four, leaving behind two small children to be raised by a strict, emotionless housekeeper. By the time my mother married at the age of twenty-seven, she had lost most of the people close to her, including her father and brother. The few relatives she knew existed were her father's two sisters and one cousin. These were the only living relatives from both her mother's and her father's families.

Last year, my mother and I got involved with genealogy, hoping between the two of us we would discover some answers, and possibly some distant relations. We hunted up old pictures, blew the dust off the old family Bible, found letters and small bits of information, but it didn't take long before we hit an impasse. We needed much more information, including my maternal grandmother's first name, just to establish the basic facts. In October, we went to Cleveland, where most of my relatives had spent their lives. Using the information we had, we visited the county archives, the library and the Western

Reserve. Between my mother, my two youngest children and I, we spent every possible moment of four days pouring over microfilm, microfiche, old county records and anything else imaginable, trying to find our lost relations. We then found the cemeteries where my mother remembered attending funerals as a child. There we came across some surprising information. Buried alongside my mother's maternal grandparents were not only her grandfather's parents, there were siblings of her grandfather's she'd never known existed. It was hard to tell who was more excited.

My daughter took down information, I took photos, my son scouted around for other stones, and my mother stood staring at the marker's, her face devoid of emotion. Before her lay evidence of other family she'd never known. Yet it also gave the possibility that she had living relatives somewhere, however distant. With each new bit of information, I found myself drawn closer to my mother's childhood and the people who were part of it. Looking through the old pictures, my mother would tell us the story behind them, making the subjects come alive. As we drove by her

childhood haunts, she seemed to slip back in time, relating stories she'd never spoken of--some painful, others fond memories of special people. We found the home where she'd lived in early years and tried without success to find her grandfather's farm. What we found instead was an expressway passing over the old homesite, the farmland overgrown by highways and buildings. I felt sadness because it seemed to end another chapter in my mother's life, something she had long ago grown accustomed to but was nonetheless painful.

Every discovery generated images of bygone days and what my ancestors were like. There was an awareness that I had really known them as though my mother's memories had become mine, too. I was feeling elated at having found them, yet I was also experiencing and overwhelming sense of sadness and loss. For these people were no longer alive. I didn't share in their lives--nor would I ever. Looking down at the stones bearing the names of those who would have cuddled me as a baby and played games or walked with me as I grew older, somehow, I felt as though I had been cheated out of a very important part of my life.



Reality
Deanne Kusiak

Steel Gates

by Teresa DeMeyer

The gates behind me closed, and the familiar sound of "biting" steel swept though my body and encircled me. The overwhelming scent of smoke and oil bombarded me, and my eyes scanned the rolls of steel that still needed to be cut. I walked swiftly across the cement floor and stuffed my time card into the machine. The card sputtered and sprung about until it popped out with the time neatly punched out. "I now belong to this factory, for at least ten hours," my mind centered on the horrid duties that lay ahead. My thoughts drifted back to Daddy, and I could almost see him shaking his finger at me with his voice booming out, "You will be sorry; that is no life!" Daddy was right: this is no life.

Reluctantly I took my place in front of the huge machine. Surrounded by steel gates, I felt resentment embracing me. The twang of the machine penetrated my mind, despite all my efforts to block it out, and my face and shirt became soaked with oil and sweat. The fumes relentlessly assaulted my face. Hour after hour was spent in front of this machine, and there were no escapes in sight. At the age of twenty-eight, life had become only burdensome. I simply passed from one stage of life on to another. I simply existed; that is until IT happened, and now life has never been the same.

It began with shooting pains in my legs and around my waist, a stinging sensation that made my eyes flinch with each pain. I tried to change position; I tried to bend my body; nothing relieved the pain. Suddenly the pain became more intense; its presence became obvious to the others. My thoughts became only pleading, "Please don't let me die, not here, not amongst these strangers."

My next memories were frightening. I was laid on a cold gurney with no concept of time. My body was wrapped in a gray woolen blanket whose existence was made known only by the "prickly" feeling it sent out. Faces of all shapes and sizes encircled me, and they all seemed unemotional and cold. My body was entwined with machinery; the beeping sound and flickering lights kept me in constant awareness of my state. I could not believe that this was my fate.

Finally, the doctor arrived draped in blue; his face was expressionless as he bent it into mine. His hands felt as if they had been stored in a freezer as he put them onto mine. He spoke only jargon; however, the words "operation" and "prayer" struck out at me. When he had finished speaking, I felt as if I had been stung by a bumblebee on a hot summer day. At first I found it all ludicrous, "I am way too young, and I am way too busy. I have

children to care for; I have commitments to fulfill." Despite my reasoning, it was plain, I was stuck in reality, for illness has no boundaries. It may affect anyone, at any time, and at any place. Illness is not biased to any age; it cares less for what needs to be done.

The next moments were spent dwelling on his comment about prayer. At first it seemed the only way; then, the idea stuck me as if I had just stepped on quicksand. Pray - pray to whom? To God, - God who? Pray for what? Isn't God the one who put me here? Isn't He the one that has sentenced me to a life of misery and despair? Isn't He the one that filled my life with doom where heartache is the only avenue?

As my thoughts rapidly processed, I could feel my body fill with anger. I leaned back and closed my eyes. Immediately, two lovely faces ran across my mind, and the thought of never seeing them again was too much to bear. I knew deep inside, that if there was a God now was the time to find Him. My prayer was simple: "If there is a God, if You are there, let me live. Help me to see that You do exist."

Now I was being neatly displayed on a stretcher, as I was wheeled down a long hallway. Within seconds I was inside a cold room that reeked of alcohol. It was painted the drabest green that I had ever seen. I was certain that room had never known laughter. Immediately, I heard an echoing voice calling my name, commanding me to "count backwards from ten." As I did what the voice

commanded me to do, a cone shaped mask covered my face, and I was sure that it was the end.

When I regained some awareness, my mind and body seemed to be only abstract. Slowly I became aware of muffled voices in the background and of the foreign objects that stuck out of my nose and arm. I was certain that my arm was broken by the heavysset lady that pulled and tugged at the object that hung above my bed. Suddenly I realized the coldness of the room and wondered if perhaps winter had come tumbling in without my knowledge.

Not sure of the day or even the time, I slowly became aware of a visitor's presence. She stood beside my bed and quietly repeated a prayer. Her words have never escaped me, nor the wisdom that she gave. Why these words were spoken to me is quite unknown. Perhaps my bitterness had dripped off my tongue in an obvious way, or perhaps God Himself had summoned them out of her mouth. Whatever the reason may be, they have been chiseled within me. She spoke them very plainly:

I felt bad because

I had no shoes until

I went onto the street and

saw a man who had no feet.

After she spoke, she bowed her head, and I was certain that she was saying a prayer; then, she left my room as quietly as she had came, taking most of my bitterness with her. She had unlocked some hidden door deep within me, and my tears fell like never before. I knew that through her

wisdom I would grow. I knew that deep inside me were wonderful things in store, regardless of what my learning might be. I was certain that

God did indeed exist, and He was living inside me. If today any gates surround me it is of my own making that they encircle me.

There Was A Student Went Forth Into "There Was A Child Went Forth"

1st Place Tie

by Sarah Faulkner

The poem, "There Was a Child Went Forth" by Walt Whitman, elaborates one of Whitman's often used themes. This theme is the idea that a person is affected by everything he or she encounters, that, in Whitman's own words, "that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,/Or for many years or stretching cycles of years" (11. 4-3).

In the remaining five stanzas of the poem, the poet moves through the day listing the many different things the child saw. These five stanzas consist almost entirely of cumulative cataloguing, yet Whitman follows a clear progression from one group of objects to the next, as well as from one part of the day to the next. In the second stanza, "The early lilacs," "and grass and white and red morning-glories," "and the song of the phoebe-bird" (11. 5-6) are listed, showing examples of close, intimate contact with little pieces of nature such as a child might encounter early in the morning, when first leaving the house.

Whitman then broadens the child's experience to include the barnyard and the animals, the pond, and the fish and plants in the pond. Whitman uses alliteration to create the feel of what he describes, using the "b" of a chicken's "bwaak" to describe the "noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire" (1.8), and the liquid "s" to describe "the fish suspending themselves so curiously" (1.9) in the pond.

From the yard to the barnyard on into the fields and orchards Whitman takes the child, and from there he takes him to individual people. Whitman is still describing the morning, so he points out people in morning situations: the school mistress going to school, the different groups of children. In keeping with his belief in the equality of all people, Whitman doesn't classify or judge them. He merely lists them in such a way that the reader, as well as the child, can see them.

Whitman takes the child back home to his parents for the midday meal. "They gave this child more of themselves than that,/They gave him afterward every day, they became part of him" (11. 20-21), Whitman says. He goes on to explain their personalities, giving the sense of an uneasy home life. Whitman paints vivid word picture:

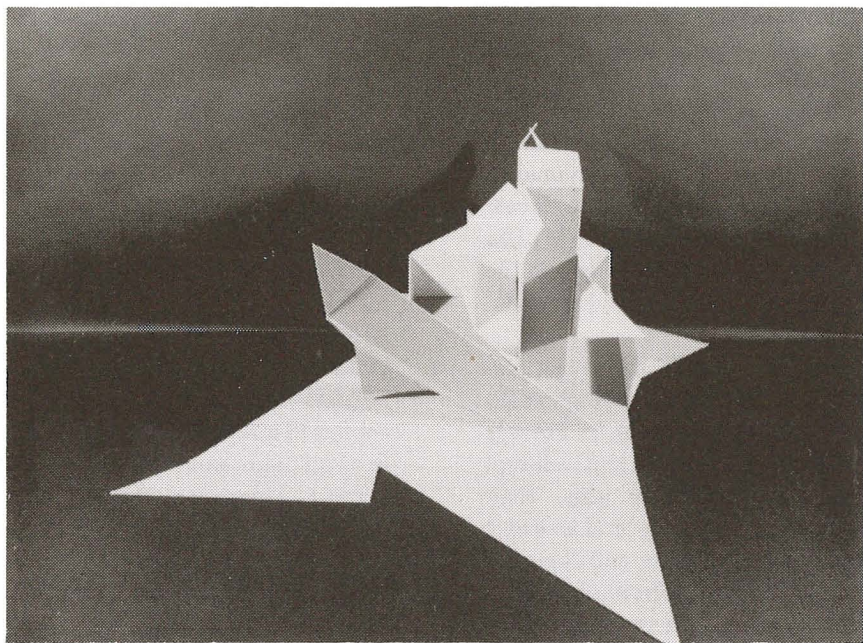
The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by,/The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, unjust,/The blow, the quick loud words, the light bargain, the crafty lure (11. 23-25).

There is almost a pause in the poem here, taking the child from outward observances to the inner doubts and fears that are common among children: "The

doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time, the curious whether and how" (1. 28). Whitman uses this reflection as a bridge, carrying the child on these doubts from the smallest piece of society, the family, to a greater portion, the town: "Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and specks?/Men and women crowding fast in the streets, if they are not flashes and specks what are they?/ The streets themselves and the facades of houses, and goods in the windows" (11. 29-31).

Now the poet moves away from the town, bringing the child back to nature. It is evening, and Whitman draws a sunset over civilization, "Shadows, areola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables of white and brown two miles off" (1. 34), tucks the townspeople in with the personification of a boat, "The schooner nearby sleepily dropping down the tide" (1.35), and gives the child a night full of promise, "The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint away solitary by itself, the spread of purity it lies motionless in" (1. 37).

In the last stanza, Whitman returns to his theme. "These became part of that child who went forth every day" (1.39) he says. Then he concludes, stating another of his convictions, that of the immortality of man, "and who now goes, and will always go forth every day" (1.39).



Serenity
Allison Samoray

A Story of Two Cities

by Joe Osentoski

To most Americans, Asia as a whole is an amorphous blob: a hazy gray area of their geographical knowledge. Certain cities, however, evoke a set response. Just mention Bangkok or Manila and a clear image of a modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah springs forth. Despite this, both Manila and Bangkok have a wide variety of activities to keep the visitor active, no matter what the tourist's intellectual or carnal interests.

Both Bangkok and Manila lie in tropical climes, and the hot, humid weather seems to appropriately accent the steamy aspects of these two metropolises. A rainy season four months long delivers a seemingly continuous downpour and results in extremely uncomfortable humidity. Sweating is a way of life. The climate also supports lush vegetation in parks and prolific growths of plants in the Chao Phra (Bangkok) and Pasig (Manila) Rivers.

Viewing the architecture that predominates in each city highlights their past histories. Bangkok is liberally sprinkled with colorful and well-kept Buddhist temples, or wats. Their graceful winged roofs lend an exotic atmosphere to the city, and dozens of shaved headed, saffron-robed Buddhist monks bring a vibrant life to the temples. The myriad images of the Lord Buddha, many of them gilded, that adorn the wats emote to the

onlooker feelings of serenity and inner peace, among the chief teachings of Buddhism.

The most memorable of the buildings in Bangkok is the Grand Palace, ceremonial home of the King of Thailand. Within the palace walls, the visitor is awed by one spectacular edifice after another, with the Temple of the Emerald Buddha being the most revered wat in Thailand. Yet even as the Grand Palace displays the past, throughout the city sleek new shopping centers and office buildings are being erected, prophets of the future.

In contrast, Manila is an almost new city. Over 80% of the city was destroyed during savage fighting in the Second World War. The few surviving structures (such as the Cathedral) have a distinctly Spanish style, a holdover from the Philippines' colonial days. The post-war construction is decidedly boring: boxy high-rise buildings of dubious quality as if the builders were waiting for another conflict to raze their work once again in a sort of grisly urban renewal.

The transportation networks offer insights into both Asian culture and the ingenuity and tolerance of the people. In Bangkok, incredibly cheap and crowded buses ply the streets. While belching great clouds of noxious exhaust fumes, they pack riders into every available nook and cranny;

a sardine would feel claustrophobic. Weaving in the out of traffic like skittish waterbugs are the tuk-tuks, a type of three-wheeled motorcycle with room for two passengers and a death-wish on the back. The drivers are graduates of kamikaze school, speak no English, have little knowledge of the city streets and are more than likely to lie to get a fare on board. Obeying traffic signals, lanes, or right-of-ways is a nearly unknown phenomenon. Finally, if the visitor is lucky enough to have his or her destination near the river, a water taxi can be a very relaxing and refreshing way to travel. Also very cheap, the water taxis traverse the Chao Phra with many stops and can offer a different, less hectic, perspective of the Bangkok skyline along the way, as well as an opportunity to see the famed Thai long-boats in action ferrying their cargo on the river.

Likewise, Manila's transportation system is a true adventure. Buses are even more noisy, dirty, crowded, and generally intimidating than in Bangkok. The rider overflow in the system is taken up by jeepneys, lengthened army surplus jeeps. The jeepney drivers adorn their beasts of burden with fantastic paint jobs and a dizzying array of hood ornaments. Rearing stallions and gleaming horns are among their favorites. Inside the jeepney, small shrines invoking "God Bless Our Trip" protect the vehicle and its occupants as they hurtle down the road without regard to either pedestrians or other traffic. The rider gains a feeling of euphoria and an

aura of immortality with each trip survived.

After having endured the transportation system, some shopping may be in order. Thailand is a booming country, and the illegal gray market in fake name-brand goods is incredible. At night, the Patpong Road red-light district is blocked to vehicular traffic, and hundreds of street vendors hawk their wares. Wallets, watches, knives, and clothes are available at a fraction of their cost in the United States or Europe. During the day, several large department stores also sell higher quality merchandise at bargain prices.

When one embarked on a shopping spree in Manila, the first item that the visitor notices is that every establishment, from department stores to fast food, has an armed guard at the door. Gun battles are an almost daily occurrence and lend a bit of vicarious thrill to bargain hunting. Petty crime is rampant with pickpockets abounding. Prices are very low, although slightly higher than in Bangkok.

This leaves the real reason why most tourists visit these cities: the night life. Bangkok has a thriving red-light district in Patpong with a lesser known pocket of sleaze on Soi Cowboy. Bars, homosexual specialty clubs, massage parlors, and go-go clubs compete for the hedonistic dollar. Boisterous Thai hawkers shout of the exquisite pleasures to be seen and enjoyed in the den of sensual experiences. The slightest acknowledgement of the touts' existence brings them flocking in competition

to pique the interest in their fabulous pleasure palaces. Small, laminated index cards trumpet the splaying, writhing excesses proffered. But all of this is tame and low pressure compared to Manila.

As night falls in the Philippine capital, the malate district comes aglow with both neon lights and booming rock music. Scantly clad hospitality girls croon their siren songs to passerby in an attempt to lure their then entranced victims onto the rocks within. Doormen proclaim the cold drinks and warm companionship offered at their establishments. Within, ear-splitting music pounds its primeval message to one's very marrow, and more hospitality

girls try to stir the hormones of their prey as the mama-san glowers approvingly. Conversation is impossible, and perhaps superfluous, as the decadent floor show unfolds. The sights, sounds, and even smells become embedded into the memory as an often unwanted souvenir.

While the nightlife of Manila and Bangkok are their greatest redeeming features, these cities offer much else that is often forgotten in the rush to condemn them for their moral standards. World-class museums, excellent shopping, adventuresome transportation systems, and a wide-open celebration of life make both Bangkok and Manila jewels in any traveler's itinerary.



Bumper Sticker
Kelley Sampson



Tempest In An Aviary
Terry Cowper

King Lear

by Monique Touchette

King Lear is a play of self-discovery. Lear is very blind to real life situations in the beginning of the play, but he discovers his real self and the moral rights of others throughout the play. In the beginning of the play, King Lear first appears as the absolute ruler whose word is law and as the elderly father determined to settle the future of his daughters. In the first capacity, Lear has already made up his mind to divide his kingdom. This was his first great mistake, since such a division will lead to chaos and thus is a violation of the law of nature at the highest social level, that of the state. The real subject of King Lear is that the willfully blind Lear's great mistake was to assume that he could attain happiness by giving away his lands - that is, that he could purchase happiness. But happiness is achieved when one lives for others, something which Lear was not prepared to do. He is very self-centered and actually believes that he can "buy" his three daughters' love. Lear is so content with his kingdom and his materialistic life that he does not really realize what he is doing. Love, which at its highest level involves the giving of oneself without thought or reward, Lear equates with material possessions. This same situation happens in every day life. Wealthy and powerful people are so overwhelmed with their material things; they think that they can buy love and happiness. It isn't until something bad happens that they realize that they cannot use their money to purchase love and happiness. Lear discovers himself when he is stripped of his kingdom and of his daughters.

Lear's lack of insight is only too apparent; in his arrogance and willfulness he sees only what he chooses to see. Goneril and Regan, practical and rational as they are in a completely self-centered way, willingly play his little game and provide for him the answers he expects, and each wins a coveted prize. Cordelia's love for her father is based upon the law of nature and involves the clearest recognition of filial obligation. Even though Lear chooses to divide his kingdom between Goneril and Regan, Cordelia had been the one he had cherished most; with her he had hoped to spend his last years. But Lear's "love test" won over his real feelings, which he later terribly regrets.

The King, who declares that he would "pluck out" his "old fond eyes," is just beginning to gain insight. For now he can distinguish between Cordelia and Goneril and is aware that he, himself has fallen from the bias of Nature, the very Nature to whom he appeals in his denunciation of Goneril:

*O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of Nature
From the fix'd place...*

Having given away his entire kingdom, he can now ponder ironically his own identity and thus move the nearer to truth. "Who is it that can tell me who I am?" "Lear's

shadow," replies the Fool, the metaphor implying that King Lear no longer exists. It is here that Lear discovers that his daughters, Goneril and Regan have deceived him. He also gains more knowledge of his own "self-discovery."

The King is outraged when he finds out that Kent was placed in the stocks because it is an act of rebellion against the King himself, an act that symbolizes the dethronement of Lear. The universe of King Lear, wherein rulers and fathers receive prompt obedience, is crumbling before his eyes. Lear reaches a point where he tells Goneril that they will never see each other again. Yet he is aware that this heartless woman is his own flesh and blood.

*But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood.*

Two significant points are made here. First, there is a strong suggestion that Lear recognizes that the source of his daughter's evil lies within himself. Second, the disease image sustains the same idea of evil within Lear. He is finally realizing how he himself has been acting because of his royalty, and he feels he has been very wrong.

In the scene where Edgar is portraying Poor Tom, Lear identifies Edgar as a man in his "natural" state, stripped of virtually everything. In his madness, Lear tears off his clothes to join Edgar in essential nakedness. Lear's sympathy now extends to all suffering humanity.

*Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp.
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.*

This incorporates, at once, an acknowledgement of his own fault and an indictment of those now in power who heartlessly ignore the plight of defenseless humanity. The great irony lies in fact that only in a state of wretchedness does Lear come to a realization of kinship with all mankind.

At the end of the play, Lear learns that Cordelia is a very true and faithful daughter. She supports her father and still loves him, even though he gave his kingdom to Goneril and Regan. Lear, through all of his experiences has truly learned the lessons of compassion and humility and discovered the true nature of love.



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